

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 28, 1971 60 CENTS

THE U.S. OPEN **SUPERMEX** **STRIKES AGAIN**



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Next week

CHINESE TORTURE tactics are being used by the National Football League against first Ohio State early-round draft choices, according to their agent Mort Sharmik reports.

FOLLOW THE YELLOW 500-thetic track might be the theme of the 1971 AAU national track and field championships in Eugene, Ore., where Pat Patterson will describe the action.

GEORGE PLIMPTON compares his competitive fantasies at the Wimbledon tennis championships with those of the game's top stars, who will be playing in Britain this week.

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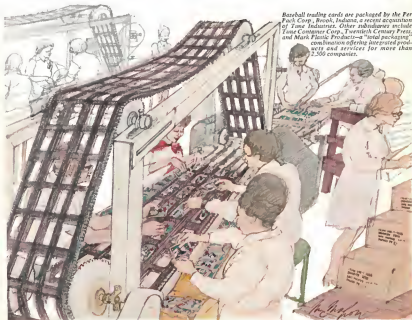
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Robert W. Morgan Talks Sports.

(Jack Fleming Reports)



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both have a road-hugging suspension.

Car and Driver magazine readers have named Corvette "Best All-Around Car" for the fourth straight year.

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Chevrolet



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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

CAUSE FOR ALARM

It was reported and then denied last week that a handgun had been drawn in the clubhouse of the woefully troubled California Angels. The denial has a phony ring.

There are ball players who carry guns—more than the occasionally naive commissioner, Bowie Kuhn, would like to admit, although he did punish Denny McLain for carrying one.

When muggers are rampant in the streets and ball parks are often situated in dangerous areas—which don't improve after a night game—one might have some sympathy for the player (or spectator) who chooses to arm himself. But it behooves baseball management to think hard about the possibility of a truly damaging incident in the often ramorous atmosphere of the clubhouse. Jim Bouton could get hurt.

NEW LOOK FOR BASEBALL?

Bob Holbrook, who makes up the American League schedule, has now worked out a system for three baseball leagues arranged geographically so that they would set up natural rivalries and, more than incidentally, save a lot on travel expenses.

Here's how his leagues would shape up:

East—Montreal, Boston, New York Yankees, New York Mets, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington.

Central—Chicago Cubs, Chicago White Sox, Milwaukee, Minnesota, Cleveland, Detroit, Atlanta, Cincinnati.

West—Kansas City, Houston, St. Louis, San Diego, Anaheim, Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

This would create such natural rivalries as Yanks-Mets, Cubs-White Sox, Athletics-Giants, Angels-Dodgers, Royals-Cardinals.

If there should be no interleague play, Holbrook suggests a 154-game schedule, 22 against each opponent, 11 home, 11 away.

If there is interleague play, Holbrook

envisions a 150-game schedule, 126 against league rivals and 24 spread among four clubs from the other two leagues—three home, three away—on a rotating basis. The formula calls for a three-team round robin in the World Series. This would mean a minimum of eight Series games and a maximum of 11.

Holbrook had the blessing of American League President Joe Cronin for his project. Tom Yawkey, Red Sox owner and an influential man in baseball circles, said he likes the idea "at first glance."

"I think I'd vote for it," Yawkey said. "I've always thought the old eight-team, 154-game schedule was the best anyway."

SUPERDOG

It is possible for a dog to be just too good. There is the case of Izz A Champ, racing greyhound. The Daytona Beach Kennel Club has offered to pay his owner, Mrs. Dorothy Roban, not to run him, even though she has a contract to finish out the summer at the track.

Champ has won 38 of 45 races in his career and finished in the money all but once. Conservative bettors back him to the point that they have created sizable minus pools, costing the track as much as \$3,000 when he races.

The track is required to return at least 10% on money wagered on a greyhound who finishes in the money. Since a 10% return on almost a sure thing is better than banks are offering these days, the show pool at Daytona suddenly became the most popular form of betting. And it's a rare bettor who reports such wins to the Internal Revenue Service.

With 15 weeks of racing left in the season and Champ scheduled to go twice a week, the track figured it could save money by paying him not to run. There is a precedent for this too. Back in the mid-'40s, Flashy Sir was paid by several tracks to take his exercise elsewhere.

He had won 60 of 80 races and ran out of the money only six times.

Mrs. Roban is thinking it over.

HAUTE CUISINE ON THE HEIGHTS

The food customarily consumed during mountain climbs would hardly interest a gourmet, but the British Army Catering Corps is about to change that.

In August a team composed of Captain Nigel Gifford of the Catering Corps and Martin Chambers of the Royal Marine Commandos will leave for the Swiss Alps and an assault on the northeast face of the perilous Eiger.

With them they will carry rations chosen by Major Brynley Griffiths of the Catering Corps. Among the dishes: *poulet sauté Alpine* (chicken breasts and vegetables cooked in a white wine sauce and flavored with Gruyère cheese); *le cari de Madras au riz* (a curry with rice); and *Zigeuner Speise* (veal cooked with wine, cream and pimentos).

For dessert there will be chocolate, jelly babies and dolly mixture. The lat-



ter two are types of candy favored by English children.

"I think something amusing will be good for the morale," explains Major Griffiths.

INSECT ATTRACTANT

The pesky blackflies of Maine and other northern areas, which are so ferocious that they have been known to kill

continued

cattle, now are being tricked by a strange device—the hard hat.

The discovery was made by an unknown fisherman in northern Alberta who, for one reason or another, donned a hard hat for a day on the stream. By happenstance it was of unpainted aluminum and he had smeared it with a thin film of fuel oil.

The flies swarmed to the hat and settled greedily on the oil, paying no attention to the fisherman's face. When the hat was covered with flies he wiped it off with the same oily rag and went on fishing.

Now the idea is being tested, with early success, by Maine Forestry Department Insect Rangers, who have discovered that only unpainted aluminum hats seem to work. The very choosy flies are not interested in green or white fiberglass hats.

Unfortunately, the hats have no effect on mosquitoes.

THERE IS, AFTER ALL, A LIMIT

Once the most rigid of sport's governing bodies, the Texas Interscholastic League is relaxing.

There was a time when a high school athlete could not accept a prize in a greased pig contest. It would have compromised his amateur status. But now the league has ruled that a high school athlete may win cash prizes as a professional bowler, wrestler or rodeo performer and still be eligible for his school's football, basketball and baseball teams.

On the other hand, just to show that it is still tough, the league is standing firm against a proposal that would have permitted electric typewriters in the annual state high school typing contests.

THE DOVE LOVER

After nine years of legal manuevering, Joseph Auppa, Chicago racketeer, is finally serving a three-month jail sentence for possession of 500 mourning doves, which is 452 over the legal limit (St. Dec. 3, 1962).

Long an ardent hunter, Auppa, who has come to be known in mob circles as Joey Doves, helped organize the Yorkshire (yes, Yorkshire) Quail Club, a private hunting preserve near St. Anne, Ill.

After federal agents caught him, Joey was tried twice and twice found guilty. But after the first conviction he got a new trial on the basis of illegal search. He was found guilty again in March

1970, despite his lawyer's clever plea that the birds were not doves but passenger pigeons. The judge pointed out that passenger pigeons have been extinct since 1914, then imposed a \$1,000 fine and the three-month sentence.

In jail, Joey has been described by cell mates as a cheerful companion who plays gin rummy but not for stakes, since that would be gambling.

INSTANT RED FACES

Baseball umpires, leaving a park, sometimes have to run a gauntlet of abuse, verbal and occasionally physical, after they have made a seemingly wrong call on a crucial play. But, except in the minds of the most zealous fans, a fair man would have to concede that the ump, since he was closest to the play, had the best opportunity to judge it.

Now even that consolation seems about to be taken from the officials. In just a few years, says Hal Uplinger, TV sports producer, the instant replay that home TV fans now enjoy will be available to the paying fan on giant screens installed in ball parks. And that could be a dreadful embarrassment to an erring umpire.

Uplinger, whose director, Tony Verna, invented the instant replay, noted that racing fans at Hollywood Park, after watching a race through their own binoculars, crowd around the 100 closed-circuit monitors at the park to watch a rerun. What is attractive to racing fans, says Uplinger, will be attractive to followers of other sports.

It's an attractive idea—provided you are not an umpire.

THE WELL-EDUCATED ATHLETE

The only substantial worry a successful Russian athlete has is that when he gets too old to compete he may have to find a job. Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, the long jumper who once jointly held the world record with our Ralph Boston, appears to be getting to that stage.

At 33, Ter has been a phys ed student for 15 years even though he is married and the father of two children. At the Moscow Institute of Physical Culture he has been enjoying a life free of financial worry. But now he has graduated with a master's degree, having worked for the past five years on a dissertation about the problems of training top-class athletes, including himself.

Though Ter still hopes to win at the

European championships this year and to compete in the 1972 Olympics, he may have had a premonition of what it is like to be over the hill in last year's U.S.-U.S.S.R. dual meet, when he jumped less than 26 feet and lost to Bouncy Moore. Russian fans booed him. Hence the completion of the master's dissertation and thoughts of liming up a job.

"After the Olympics," he said, "I'll hang up my spikes and begin training the youngsters."

WELCOME BACK, SQUETEAGUE

In an age when so many species are disappearing, it's nice to know that one sporting fish is coming back with the impact of a population explosion. It is the weakfish, a cousin of the spotted sea trout, which ranges along the Atlantic coast from the Carolinas to Cape Cod, where it is known as squeteague, its Indian name.

In 1957, to the dismay of sport fishermen, weakfish disappeared from northern waters almost overnight. Marine biologists came up with a variety of explanations, such as increasing pollution and the taking of the young by the cat food industry. But this year the weakfish have come back in great numbers. Ten-pounders have been caught already in Rhode Island waters.

Scientists at the Sandy Hook (N.J.) Sport Fisheries Marine Laboratory have been collecting scale samples of the weaks in an effort to determine just when the successful spawning occurred, but it is highly unlikely that they will be able to come up with the why of it. As Dr. Laonel Walford of the lab says, "It's a mystery to us and I couldn't give the answer to save my soul."

THEY SAID IT

- Clete Boyer, new Hawaii Islander third baseman, on his \$1,000 fine for gambling: "I'd go double or nothing with Bowe Kuhn. But I don't think he'd go for that."

- Abe Lemons, Oklahoma City basketball coach: "The reason I don't have a curfew is because it's always your star who gets caught."

- Prate General Manager Joe Brown, who for the first time in 17 years was not approached by any team before the June 15 trading deadline: "I called a couple of clubs myself. I tried trading John Galbreath to Houston for Judge Hofheinz, but they weren't interested."

END



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TV TALK

Who yells loudest at announcers in the bullpen? Answer: the writers who aren't

Since it first came courting, television has been sport's welcome guest. Now it appears that sport is ready to invite its well-heeled suitor all the way into the bedroom. The first serious sign of a willingness to let TV operate as an associate on the playing field rather than merely as an observer in the stands came late last summer when Howard Cosell of ABC carried on a running sideline commentary with Fran Tarkenton of the Giants during a game. Some months later, Jack Teyman, also of ABC, sat on the Baltimore Bullet bench while a playoff game was going on, chatting with the injured Gus Johnson. Finally, last month Tony Kubek of NBC paraded out to the bullpen in Fenway Park—interrupting the game as he cut across the outfield—to hold a tête-à-tête with the Oracle relievers.

Following each of these history-making (or at least precedent-setting) incidents, the working sportswriters hollered foul and demanded an end to such corrupt practices, or better yet a chance to get in on the corruption themselves. The result was that a Boston writer was permitted to conduct interviews in the bullpen during the week after Kubek's visit. In both cases, Father Baseball seems to have survived intact.

In fact, most of the people seriously upset about these intrusions of TV are newspapermen. Players and officials have voiced few complaints, and the interviews themselves are a bonanza for the fans. But many writers are convinced that the integrity of the game is threatened. The trouble is, newspapermen—and, sure, some magazine men, too—are curiously selective about what menaces sport's integrity. When TV betrays new ground, it is malign. When a colleague in print pulls something off, it is a scoop.

Whereas Cosell was scorned for merely interviewing a noncompeting player on TV during an exhibition game, nobody got rabid over George Plimpton's sitting up and playing in a Detroit Lions intrasquad exhibition game for *Paper Lion*. (That's nothing: plans are afoot for him to run off four plays in a Baltimore Detroit exhibition this summer for a TV special.) And while the Boston writers cried havoc over Kubek's exclusive, they were uncommonly quiet a few years ago when a single Boston newspaper assigned Bill Russell to provide first-person analyses of an NBA playoff series—even when it resulted in his total silence around other members of the press. The fact is, the sale of certain coverage rights is not inconsistent with a free press. Tony Kubek, chatting in the bullpen does not trample on the privileges of any other member of the profession. It might even help open

a door through which all may follow.

If so, such activities can only strengthen the newspaper's role. By adding new dimension to the drama of the action, they provide new opportunities for coverage. Television has freed sportswriters from the need to give strict play-by-play accounts. Writers have been permitted—in some cases forced—to move deeper into the game, interviewing and analyzing. In the same way, the interviews TV might carry during a game would add depth and perspective to what is said and written afterward.

The issue is not completely clear-cut, of course, nor is it split along strictly TV-vs.-print lines. "What worries me is the damage to the illusion," says Bob Wolff, the New York cable-TV sports voice. "Everyone will become part performer, and it would not take long for games to seem staged. Where does it stop? Can't you see the day when the pitcher and batter are ragged with mikes so they can discuss each pitch just before it is thrown? Or a guy making the team because they need someone articulate in the bullpen?"

A rather more moderate—but generally critical—view is expressed by Bud Collins, who regularly works both sides of the media fence. Collins, a columnist on *The Boston Globe*, is accepted as a prominent tennis writer as well as the sport's leading announcer. No, he doesn't feel his rights were infringed by a coup like Kubek's. "But I don't think we have any business down there on the field—writers or announcers. We are out of place." He adds an interesting analogy that may or may not be strictly analogous. "On the other hand, if they can go out to a battleground and film guys taking their dying breaths with microphones rigged and pointed in such a way that you can see which network the guy is dying on," Collins asks, "then what's so sacrosanct about a bullpen?"

The remark is not flippant, despite the obvious distinctions between war and sport. Warfare, an anarchic situation, is scarcely disrupted by the presence of a television camera. But sports are structured and precise functions, and an intruder like TV can affect the outcome. Since no one has demonstrated that this happens, however, the more pertinent question is whether TV's presence automatically makes an event artificial and staged. Not necessarily. If something is staged to begin with—the Academy Awards, a press conference or most sports announcing—TV will accentuate its artificiality. But likewise, if something is for real—death in Vietnam or violence in pro football's "pit"—what is genuine will be magnified. The adventures that Cosell, Teyman and Kubek have undertaken are the sort that can only benefit sport and enhance our appreciation of games and the men who play them.

—FRANK DIORIO

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REMEMBER THE BATTLE OF MERION

For three days the U.S. Open and mar-velous old Merion belonged to all of those unusual characters who always seem to clutter up an Open: a dogged tour veteran named Labeon Harris Jr.; a tall, paunchy transient named Bob Frickson; a guy named Jim Colbert, whose putter looked like the bandage hadn't been taken off; and a young amateur, Jim Simons, who had the appearance of a kid who didn't like his date for the prom. But then it came down to what everyone knew it would: this superb course acknowledging only the best in golf, and ultimately it was Lee Trevino (see cover) playing Jack Nicklaus one-on-one for the title—Nicklaus, the country-club kid from Ohio, our best shot-maker, against Trevino, the Mexican from Texas, our best hustler.

It came down to a dramatic playoff on Monday, and right away you had to feel it might be Trevino's day. Around Merion's usually tranquil starting hole the tension was unbelievable (Nicklaus was sitting under a tree, his head down) when Trevino came out to the tee, smacking gum, rubbing his hands together, pacing, waving to the crowd. He reached into a side pocket of his golf bag, pulled out a three-foot-long toy snake and held it up. The crowd shrieked as Lee laughed and tossed it at a scrambling Nicklaus. Big Jack broke up laughing. So did the crowd. So did the world.

"I need all the help I can get," Lee shouted cheerfully, shaking the very land where Jones and Hogan had won, and the playoff began.

The only frightening thing after that was Nicklaus' sand wedge, which left him in bunkers at the second and third for a bogey and a double bogey and let

Who'll ever forget it? Lee Trevino, Jack Nicklaus, a gutsy amateur and a tough old golf course combined to produce a melodramatic U.S. Open

by DAN JENKINS

Trevino take a two-stroke lead. Nicklaus managed to pull himself together, but Trevino played steady, beautiful two-under-par golf to win 68 to 71 for his second Open title. In his classic hustler's way, Trevino topped Nicklaus at every opportunity. When Jack birdied the fifth, Lee birdied the eighth. When Jack birdied the 11th, Lee birdied the 12th. And when Jack had a birdie putt waiting at 15 that would gain him a stroke, Lee rammed a far longer putt home first.

Trevino said, "I'm a lucky dog. You gotta be lucky to beat Jack Nicklaus because he's the greatest golfer who ever held a club."

The day before, Sunday, had been even more dramatic. Young Simons, who had shocked everybody by taking a two-stroke lead after 54 holes, had quickly done what a 21-year-old amateur in his exalted position is supposed to do in the Open's final round—he made a couple of bogeys to let everyone draw close. Nicklaus caught his young playing companion on the 4th hole by sinking a slow, curling, downhill 30-footer. But on the next hole Jack did what Jack seldom does: he suffered his second double bogey of the tournament. He had played croquet around the Balling Brook at the famed 11th on Friday, and now on Sunday at the difficult 5th he drew his tee shot wild-ly into a creek.

Such things happen at Merion, and Nicklaus' disaster brought to mind what Trevino had been saying about the course all week. "There are 16 birdie holes here," he conceded, "but there are 18 bogey holes. I'll eat all the cactus around El Paso if anybody breaks 280!"

Nicklaus' poor play on the 5th, just when he seemed to be taking charge, made it anybody's tournament again, and Trevino looked like the anybody who would win it. Lee, that Supermax unknown who had won the Open at Oak Hill in 1968, played the best golf on Sunday, and for a couple of hours the Open was all his, until Nicklaus caught up with him again on the last hole.

Trevino had said Sunday morning that he thought he would win because "I'm playing fantastic." He said, "I've been playing super ever since Nicklaus told me in February that he hoped I never found out how good I really was. For the best player in the world to tell me that just filled me up with confidence, and I've almost won every tournament I've been in the last six weeks. I know I can win this thing."

Considering the circumstances, Trevino's golf on Sunday might be the best he ever played. All he did was split the center of the narrow fairways and meet his irons right to those wacker baskets that Merion calls flagsticks. Somebody said Trevino thought maybe they were Pennsylvania potatoes. He very nearly made a deuce at the tilted 12th with

continued

Only Nicklaus (top) and Trevino were able to shoot par over four rounds on Merion's tight fairways and high, unrelenting rough.





more backspin on his approach shot than you can get in car wheels on a sandy road. That birdie put him in a tie for the lead. On the 13th a 20-foot birdie putt stopped short of the cup by the width of a tamale husk, but then he birdied the 14th to take the lead by himself and held it with an eight-footer for a par at the 15th.

During all this Nicklaus was hanging on behind him, as, indeed, Simons was, too. Simons, a Wake Forest student with a mop of hair and a bewildered expression, a kid who had shot a 65 Saturday despite two bogeys, did not come apart. On the final hole, one stroke behind, he still had a long-shot chance to tie—if he could make a birdie. He gambled and made a double bogey. His closing-round 76 will look to history as if he choked, but it isn't true.

Nor did Trevino choke with the bogey he had at the last hole. He was laughing on the tee, teasing his caddy for forgetting to give him his club. "You choking already?" Lee asked him. The crowd roared. Lee, grinning, said, "You want to give me something to fan this with?" The crowd whooped again.

Lee hit a drive with a bit too much fade, and his three-wood to the green was a bit too much club. His chip back from 70 feet beyond the pin was excellent, but he still needed a seven-footer for a par and the Open. He did not get it, and whether this was because he became momentarily nettled and had to back away from the ball will never be known. As he was addressing this crucial putt a kid fell off his perch near the clubhouse, breaking Trevino's concentration, although Lee refused to blame anybody but himself. He had his 69 for the round and a 280 for the tournament, and he was just glad to be in.

Par golf is colossal golf on Merion's closing holes and those who saw it will long remember the way Nicklaus came down the stretch behind Trevino. At the 15th, 16th and 17th he was confronted with the necessity of sinking difficult putts for pars on the icy-slick greens. Making any of them in a round of pleasure golf would have been impressive. Now, in the pressure of the U.S. Open, Jack made all three. Each time that he bent over to concentrate, those watching

could see the Open escaping him. It had to. But the putts dropped, each of them, even the seven-footer at the 17th, when he knew Trevino had finished with a bogey. The putt broke like a winding mountain road, but it dropped—and Nicklaus was tied for the lead. The one that didn't drop was a birdie putt at the final hole. There it was, the most perfect calendar picture of all: Nicklaus at Merion sinking a 14-foot birdie for a 279 and the Open. But it slid left, Merion's par held up and golf had another playoff for the ages.

Before the competition began on Thursday the players had practiced only on a soft golf course, one dampened by rain. It played easily. They realized the course would toughen as the weather cleared, but they still believed one or two and maybe three or four players would shoot in the low 270s. Yet Merion was Merion, not a place to cast insults at, so they strained to be kind.

"It's really a fun golf course," said one. "It must be a real pleasure for the members to play." And then, privately, nearly all of them would whisper to a friend, "273." In other words, two under the Open record, the one shared by Nicklaus and Trevino.

When the tournament finally got under way, beneath the huge old trees by Merion's lovely veranda, the players seemed to have it figured right. The first man out of the trees, a guy named Ralph W. Johnson, from nowhere, had the audacity to make seven birdies during his round. By noon there were six or eight players under par, their scores marked in red on the leader boards that rose out of the rough.

"Six by noon, 12 by sundown," said a grizzled journalist, quoting an old Open rule of thumb. "Merion is in trouble." The usual tour troupe was whacking at the course. Labron Harris was three under. Bob Goalby went by him early, four under. Then came Larry Hinson, five under. By now the scoreboard glittered with red numbers. It wasn't until late in the afternoon that things began to change. The course fought back, not to turn into a monster but simply to be the fair, wonderfully prepared course that it was. Hinson had had the best chance to humiliate Merion. After 13 holes he was five under par and aiming at 65 or better, but it was through him that the field found out something about Merion. What it sometimes gives up so

easily, it can quickly take away. In a tour of the rough and bunkers of the last five holes Hinson lost six strokes to par. He wound up with an ordinary 71 and was never a factor again. Harris did finish with 67 but on Friday he soared to 77 and more or less disappeared.

Friday was the day Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer put on their vaudeville acts in the press tent. Palmer had holed a mme-iron from the rough for an eagle deuce on the first hole and had moved into contention with his 68, but neither eagle nor round stirred as much interest as his criticism of Nicklaus' slow play.

Nicklaus struggled to a 72 on the second day and was twice warned about taking so much time to get through his round. Palmer commented on the pace, implying that it was inexcusable. "They should have told him to move up," he said. Nicklaus had some remarks to make about the pin placements. "They were ridiculous," he said. On which holes? "One through 18," he said. He accused the USGA of trying to hide the pins so as to protect the integrity of Merion, which he said was unnecessary.

Although an enormously exciting tournament was in progress, you couldn't tell by the leader boards. Up there tied after 36 holes were 45-year-old Bob Erickson, a sometime club pro, and a tour regular named Jim Colbert, the guy with the fat putter and a hat brim turned down all around like a gardener. Colbert had put together a couple of 69s, and Erickson had posted a 67 after an opening 71. They were at 138, two under. The situation was normal: guys named Erickson and Colbert leading the U.S. Open while Tony Jacklin, Billy Casper, Dave Hill, Frank Beard and Tom Weiskopf missed the cut.

But now the real Open began. The course had dried out, the elegant greens were being rolled and triple-cut to make them slicker still, and tee shots were going to be dangerous. The field was down to the low 64 players, and the glorious weather was holding. It was time then for the amateur, Simons, to slice himself a portion of Open history with his 65 on Saturday, and time then for all the glorious fun on Sunday. The battle lines were drawn. It had come down to Nicklaus against the kid, Simons, and both of them against the lurking Trevino, and everybody against the quiet strength of Merion. Some think Merion was the big winner.

END

Surprising amateur star Jim Simons (left) is congratulated by an admiring Nicklaus.

PUT AWAY THE PUTTER AND GO FOR THE PIN

He may never play in the U.S. Open—he's never won a big one—but

John Hudson can really hit those holes in one **by HUGH McILVANNEY**

Of all the extraordinary behavior seen on golf courses the most bizarre has always been precipitated by the miseries of wayward putting. In those dark moments when the putter seems to vibrate with malevolence, like a twig that is driving calamity, even the Sneads and Hogans and Palmers will stoop (quite literally, in Snead's case) to outrageous remedies. They will try anything from bullying the ball toward the hole to praying and pleading or creeping up behind it in the hope of taking it by surprise. They will experiment wildly with grip and stance and stroke. But those who are profoundly afflicted are usually left cursing the game within a game—telling anyone who will listen that putting is no more genuinely related to golf than darts is to archery.

For all the tournament professionals who have suffered thus, who have dreamed the hopeless, beautiful dream

of golf without the putter, a tiny but glorious torch was lit the other day on a remote English course a few miles from the old city of Norwich. There, for the first time in the history of the game, a player competing in a full-scale professional event holed his tee shots at two consecutive holes. Appropriately, the feat represented sweet, if unexpected, revenge for a man who had recently been savagely maltreated and all but disabled by his putter.

John Hudson, a 25-year-old struggling near the breadline to establish himself on the British and European circuits, had run into the worst trough of his short career because of a suddenly developed tendency to total collapse on the greens. After returning from encouraging sojourns into Portugal, Italy and Spain in the late spring, he shot a first round of 73 in the Penfold-Bournemouth tournament and was in definite contention when he started the second round with birdie, birdie, bogey, birdie. Then he underwent the shattering experience of three-putting six greens in a row. The next time he swung that putter, Hudson's concern was force rather than accuracy. He did not bother much about where the club landed.

His disastrous beginning to the summer slid him out of the first 50 in the British Order of Merit and obliged him to prequalify for tournaments, something he had not been required to do in the previous two seasons. He found himself under constant strain and so even after an initial round of 72 in bad weather in the Martini International at Royal Norwich he went out for the second day with his mind clenched anxiously on the need to make the cut. He reckoned that he could not afford more than a 76 and by the time he had accumulated an ugly six at the 10th—to put himself four over par for the round—he was entitled to be pessimistic. His failings up to that point had been emphasized by the excellent golf being played by his partner

on the round, Hugh Boyle, a large, dark Irishman of considerable but erratic skills.

Boyle had been well back after the first day of the Martini International but now, on his way to a course record of 66, he was producing birdies with euphoric monotony. Fortunately, Hudson is equipped to survive under such direct pressure. He has the unforced assurance often found in men who have a natural aptitude for several sports. Lithe rather than powerful, with only 154 pounds to set against his height of 6' 1½", his vigor on the soccer field not only altered the line of his nose (he had it smashed three times) but brought him an offer to turn professional with his home town club in Reading, Berkshire.

"I suppose you'd have to class me as an attacking player in anything I do," he admits with a smile that splits his long, narrow face and shows white, uneven teeth. "Even as a goalkeeper in football I was always banging into somebody. On the golf course I want to play the most positive shot possible. I hate to be short. Somehow distances always look longer to me than to most other players and I'm determined to be up there. Overclubbing has cost me plenty of strokes in the past but I have a dread of being overcautious."

That dread did him a favor as he stood on the 11th tee at Royal Norwich, half-way through the historic round of June 11. The hole is a 195-yard par-3 with a lag, undulating green that is well trapped on the right. It was a bright, blustery day and as the players looked straight down the fairway the wind was blowing at an angle from behind their left shoulders. With the pin set on the left of the green—and the wind doing its best to form a sinister alliance with those bunkers on the other side—it was essential to keep the ball from veering right and equally vital to ensure that it did not carry too far. "If you go through you run into all sorts of rubbish," Hudson confirms.

Having watched Boyle hit a good four-iron to the back of the green, Hudson opted for the same club. "Hugh is a bit longer than I am, so I knew the four would do me. The way my score was going, I had to get close and I decided to forget any idea of going for the fat of the green. I played straight at the flag. The ball came off the club nicely, stayed on line and pitched on the green



Hudson: "It's nice to have done, but..."



Dotted lines follow the course of Hudson's historic shots: the 155-yard 11th (far right) followed by the fearsome 211-yard 12th (left).

maybe seven or eight yards short of the hole. It took a couple of hops, then rolled out of sight. The pin was in a slight depression, so I didn't know the ball was in the cup until Hugh Jackson, who was playing in front, started waving his arms in the air and jumping about like a lunatic.

"My first thought was that I had pulled back a couple of shots on par. Now I was only two over and my chances of making the cut were a lot better. Hugh Boyle made his 3 and then we had to wait 20 minutes while the two pairs in front cleared the 12th tee. People ask me if that wait put a special strain on me but the truth is that the possibility of getting down in one at that hole was the farthest thing from my mind. Anyway, I'm not bad at keeping cool."

What happened next would have taxed the composure of an astronaut. The 12th at Royal Norwich measures 311 yards, relatively short for a par-4. But it offers anything but an easy first shot. Looking from the elevated tee, the player is immediately intimidated by the tips of trees that encroach from the right into the hollow in front of him. All he can see of the green is its front left corner. There are trees ranged threateningly along the left side of the fairway, too, and to compound the hazards the ground short of the green slopes substantially from right to left. A ball that lands on this incline will kick into the left-hand belt of trees, leaving the victim in need of help from the Forestry Commission.

The answer—more readily conceived than executed—is to aim the ball over the tops of the trees below the tee and make it pitch in light rough up toward the right of the green. Because the 11th and 12th fairways are at an angle, the wind that had blown crosswise at the short hole was behind the drives here and the green was reachable for a long hitter. Unhesitatingly, John Hudson went for it. There was an official on the tee with binoculars advising each pair when it was safe to play. He told Hudson to go ahead, although Hugh Jackson and his partner were still putting out. The man should have known better.

Hudson took a good, but not particularly ferocious, swing with his driver, concentrating on controlling the hook that had troubled him earlier. "I didn't try to give it an extra bang. I just tried to make it smooth and I was pleased when I felt the ball go off the middle. It flew well. I picked up my tee and walked forward with Hugh Boyle. Suddenly we could see Hugh Jackson leaping and cheering. I thought he and his partner were larking about, pulling my leg, getting their own back because I had knocked the ball on the green while they were putting. It was only when I got about 70 or 80 yards from the green that I believed I had done it again. I could see the ball resting between the flag and the lip of the hole. When I got up to Hugh Jackson he said, 'Pack it in, John. That's enough of that game.'"

To the spectators Hudson appeared to remain astonishingly calm, but he ad-

mits that he completed his round in a trance. "It gradually dawned on me what I had done. At the 17th and 18th we were given ovations. At that stage I was numb, playing my shots from memory."

And memories will be about the only reward for Hudson; he finished with a 72 for the day, and eventually tied for ninth in the Martini—he has never come higher than eighth in a major tournament—and collected a meager 160 pounds sterling (\$384) for his pains. He is out there on the tour now fighting to survive on the dwindling resources put up by members of the Hendon Club in North London. Half a dozen of them invested \$240 each in Hudson Enterprises, a company formed with \$720 of his own to stake him for a limited period. He currently has no automobile and is forced to caddy rides as he lugs his gear from course to course. At the weekend he was staying in a modest guest house while playing in the Carrolls International south of Dublin. Whenever possible he stays with relatives or friends. "It's nice to have done something no one else ever did," Hudson says, "but I don't want to be known just for one freak achievement. I came on the tour to make an impact and make money. That's still my ambition."

"Every golfer in the world must envy him," said a listener. "That record is something money can't buy."

True, but right now John Hudson needs a great many of the things money *could* buy.

END

BILLY THE KID AS PEACEMAKER

Surprise! Billy Martin is stopping fights. Surprise No. 2! The dovelike manager has those old curmudgeons, the Tigers, talking togetherness. But most surprising of all, they just might be winners by **RON FIMRITE**

There he stood amid the tumult last week, arms outspread, a Gandhian-esque apparition bidding the combatants desist. It was Billy Martin, onetime midleweight champion of the American League, playing peacemaker, a dove among hawks on this humid evening in Cleveland.

The trouble had started when Bill Denchy, one of Martin's necessarily busy relief pitchers, plunked Cleveland Catcher Ray Fosse in the rib cage with a pitch that Fosse demonstrably felt was ill-intentioned. Fosse dropped his bat, hurried to the mound and cross-body-blocked Denchy, who, in turn, kicked Fosse in the hand. Seething trouble, the Detroit Tigers' burly leftfielder, Willie Horton, rushed in to lay waste to any available Indian. Horton himself had been hit by a pitched ball in this tempestuous series—one of six Tigers and three Indians so abused—and he obviously felt that Fosse's protest was, if not unprovoked, definitely unwarranted. The bottle was joined, and the diamond was soon aswirl with flailing ballplayers. When Martin, the umpires and other assorted pacifists finally restored order, Indians Fosse and Gomer Hodge and Tigers Denchy, Horton and Ike Brown had been tossed out of the game.

Martin publicly deplored the violence but privately confided later in the evening that he was "proud of the way my boys hung in there together." It is Martin's contention that he has, in fact, molded a team out of many disparate elements and that, ball game or brawl, his charges hang resolutely as one. The reason for this, he says, is "communication," a word Martin tosses off as authoritatively as any urbanologist. As a baseball manager, he considers himself a combination father, brother, psychiatrist, teacher and cop. The many roles exact a terrible toll on his nervous

system, but he gamely perseveres in transforming a dismal mediocrity into a legitimate contender for the American League pennant. The Tigers finished fourth in the league's Eastern Division a year ago, 29 games behind Baltimore. This season they have doggedly remained within striking distance of the Orioles, and Martin is certain that with unity they'll overtake them in the end. In the weekend Cleveland series the Tigers were 2-2 and by Sunday evening five games behind the Orioles.

"My job," Martin said, "is to get the most out of a player. This involves attention to little problems, things that may seem petty to the average person but are big things with the ballplayer."

At approximately this moment, Horton—for all of his ferocity, something of a hypochondriac—stopped by to advise Martin that his back, apparently injured on the bus ride from Detroit, was healing nicely. Martin sealed and wished him continued good health.

"This was a very unhappy club a year ago," he continued. "I had to find out why, so I talked to everybody individually. It wasn't really anybody's fault—just a hell of a lot of people's fault. Now we're a team, a happy team."

Martin's testimony is corroborated by those of his players who were around in less happy days when, according to one of them, "People who paid their way into our games were being gipped."

Norm Cash, the droll first baseman who is enjoying his best season since he won the league batting championship a decade ago, subscribes to Martin's hypothesis that familiarity does not inevitably breed contempt.

"A manager shouldn't be put on a pedestal," says Cash democratically. "He should be one of the guys. Billy is."

Congeniality alone may not be credited with the Tigers' rejuvenation. The

trade with Washington that relieved them of the burdensome Denny McLain and filled in the vacant portions of their infield with Aurelio Rodriguez and Ed Brinkman has obviously been influential. Defense, as represented by these newcomers, and power through the lineup are Tiger strengths. Pitching is not, but even those pitchers Martin so regularly sends to the showers concede he has an uncanny instinct in such matters.

"He's a super manager," says the well-scrubbed Dean Chance, a Martin pitcher in both Detroit and Minnesota. "He knows how to handle men."

Martin relishes such praise, for it is his melancholy conclusion that in his own youth he was not favored with the sort of guidance he now expertly bestows. His sorriest recollection of an adolescence marred by poverty, fisticuffs and social rejection is of a confrontation with his principal at Berkeley (Calif.) High School following a KO victory over a rival pitcher who imprudently "chose" him for a postgame punch-out.

The principal, said Martin, still blinking in disbelief 25 years later, "said I wasn't fit to represent the school. He said I should learn to turn the other cheek. I told him that in my neighborhood I wouldn't be alive if I turned the other cheek. This pitcher had thrown at me, then swung on me, but somehow it was my fault. The principal was a nice enough guy, but I don't think he ever really understood kids. He kicked me off the team as a disgrace to the school. The school was still going to be there, the buildings would be the same, but what about the boy, a boy baseball was everything to? If I'd been a different kind of kid, I might be a criminal today."

Martin, now 43, grew up in West Berkeley during the Depression and World War II. The university was hardly a seat of revolution then, but West



Leadsy quieting the scene, Detroit's Marini protects umpire from volatile Bill Denehy.

Berkeley was a battleground where servicemen, the sons of migrant laborers, newly arrived blacks from the South, the dread "Pacheco" gangs and old-line Italians like Martin engaged in continuous warfare. The recess bell at West Berkeley's Burbank Junior High School signaled a daily resumption of hostilities and the more squeamish youngsters stayed inside rather than play razor tag.

"I remember there were two neighborhood armies," Martin recalls. "The Prussians and the Chinese. There must have been three, four hundred kids in each. I didn't want to get involved with them, but you couldn't avoid them. So you fought. In those days we never

drank, took dope or even did much cigarette smoking, but we sure as hell fought a lot. I'd like to have studied more in school, but there was no way you could walk home in my neighborhood with a book under your arm."

Martin is physically long removed from that setting. He makes his home in Minnesota now and regards Berkeley as affectionately as Ronald Reagan does. Still, he is the prisoner of his youth, and, given the opportunity, he will alternately brood and rejoice over his stormy upbringing. He seems honestly sorry his duties as manager of the Tigers will prevent him from attending his class' 25th reunion this September, but

he can still grouse over a failing mark he once received in, of all subjects, physical education. Martin blames the low grade on the prejudice the academic Establishment at Berkeley held against West Berkeleysians of all colors, creeds and religions.

"How does anybody get an F in physics? I was all-county in both baseball and basketball. You know, the guy who gave me that grade once asked me for tickets to the World Series when I was with the Yankees. And I got them for him. I wanted to show him I could be a better man than he was."

Being a better man, or at the very least, a man of some sort, is a Martin obsession. He has a neighborhood morality that is a heady mixture of "do unto others" and an "eye for an eye." His inflexible adherence to this code has long been an invitation to strife, and as a result of it Martin has had more fights than *Abe the Newsboy*. He claims never to have lost one, largely because right, in his view, makes right.

"I never push first, but if you push me, I'll push back harder. The day I start a fight is the day I lose one."

The quieting influence in Martin's life was undoubtedly Casey Stengel. "the old man," as he calls him, Martin likes to say he borrows from all his old managers, but Stengel is the prime creditor. Consider Martin managing—or over-managing—Stengel-style in the sixth inning of fight night against Cleveland.

Cash is in the game because the Indians have started a righthander; Kaline is out because he needs a rest. But when the Indians bring a lefthander in to pitch against Cash with nobody out and the bases loaded, Martin brings Kaline in to pinch-hit for him, despite Cash's impressive home-run total (14 then). Cleveland's Alvin Dark now brings in a righthander to pitch to Kaline, and Kaline grounds into a force at the plate. Martin then brings in left-handed-hitting Gates Brown to bat for his heavy-hitting right-handed-hitting catcher, Bill Freehan. Brown grounds into an inning-ending double play, and Cleveland moves on to a 7-0 win.

But the Tigers did win the fight—without the suddenly peaceful Martin's help. And they just might win the pennant—very definitely with his help.

END

GOOD GUYS, BAD GUYS AND THE BIGHORN

When word got around that hunters were shooting the rare sheep—at up to \$3,000 a head—a secret agent started a hunt of his own by ED ZERN

The climax of the case was routine enough, as court cases go: Gary Swanson of Yucaipa, Calif., a handsome, 6' 4" 220-pounder, pleaded guilty to violating Section 182 of the California Penal Code. That section encompasses a wide arc of legal sins—specifically, the conspiracy to commit a crime. "Yes, I did," Swanson said in San Bernardino Superior Court. And Judge J. Steve Williams also acted routinely: he set sentencing for Aug. 5. Those were the legally dispassionate parts. But behind the courtroom procedures lay a full-blown adventure story. Complete with touches of cloak and dagger, it was one of the more bizarre chapters in the history of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

The story of Gary Swanson features,

in sequence, the rare and elusive desert bighorn sheep, one of America's dwindling species; a group of wealthy, greedy hunters from 12 states and Canada who wanted bighorn heads; an undercover agent with a camera bag full of money and a small transmitting radio and, finally, in *True Detective* fashion, the hunters hunting the hunters.

Swanson fits the role of a principal: he was a successful taxidermist, was associated with an impressive studio in Oak Glen, Calif., with more than 400 specimens on display, he was a big-game hunter and an avowed conservationist, indeed, a member of the prestigious Society for the Conservation of Bighorn Sheep. He was well-off for a youthful small businessman. At 29, he was the owner of a

\$60,000 home and had been able to take several high-priced safaris to Africa and Russia. He was well known; he spoke before civic and service clubs, and local newspapers carried laudatory stories about him. On May 6, 1970, *The Daily Enterprise* of Riverside County ran a special feature on Swanson under a three-column headline, TAXIDERMIST HAS STRONG FEELINGS ABOUT HUNTING AND CONSERVATION. In the story, Swanson, described as "a young man on his way up," set forth some strong opinions, among them that the state should "put more restrictions on licensing to get more competent hunters in the field."

An important part of the story concerned the efforts of a band of hunter-conservationists, Swanson included, who were setting up a water hole for bighorn sheep in the Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, where the sheep were said to be nearly extinct. "We think there may be 10 or 12 bighorn left," Swanson said, adding that he was hopeful that the water hole ultimately would support 50 sheep a year. And he went on to suggest a state charge of \$1,000 for a permit to take a ram and then only in areas overpopulated with rams.

Thirteen months later Swanson stood accused by the state of conspiring to kill bighorn sheep, as many as 150 of them in the past four years. Further revelations pointed to a widespread plot in which more than 100 hunters, paying stiff fees, were guided into the Anza-Borrego Park and other remote areas of Southern California where they were virtually guaranteed an illegal desert bighorn ram. Moreover, the hunters were guided to those same conservation water holes Swanson helped set up, ones where the sheep tended to congregate and where easy shots were the rule.

The case broke slowly. A month before the 1970 *Daily Enterprise* encomium, the California state game department had received an unsigned letter accusing "a Redlands taxidermist" of killing illegal desert bighorn (there are not any other kind in California; the sheep has been protected there since 1873. In all of Mexico, where the species is more abundant, fewer than 30 desert sheep permits are issued to hunters annually). The letter contained some additional accusations that stirred official interest, so an outside warden was assigned to check the charges. He reported that Swanson, obviously the letter's target, was highly



Entering court, Gary Swanson and Jim Bamsley faced charges of conspiring to kill bighorn.

respected in the community (true) and in local wildlife-conservation circles (true). The writer of the letter was circumstantially identified as a local citizen with a personal grudge against one of Swanson's associates, and the investigation was dropped.

In June, U.S. Game Management Agent Loren K. Parcher, stationed in Pasadena, heard from a fellow agent in a neighboring state that a sportsman in his area had requested that Swanson's sheep activities be investigated, having heard rumors of unlawful hunts. Parcher checked with Inspector Cliff Matthews of the California game department, who told him of the previous note, and the two men agreed that there now was sufficient smoke to suggest the possibility of fire. It was decided that an undercover man should be used, and the stage was carefully set. According to government sources, here is what happened.

On July 14, Swanson got a long-distance phone call from an Eastern construction-company executive. The caller said he had heard from a mutual friend in Seattle that Swanson could arrange for him to kill a desert ram. Swanson hedged—"Wait until I get on a private telephone before we discuss anything pertaining to sheep hunting," he said—but after some careful checking with the reference and with calls back to the construction-company office, Swanson agreed to provide a desert bighorn for a "bargain" fee of \$2,500. The construction-company beggie was actually U.S. Game Management Agent Robert O. Halstead, a 23-year veteran of the Fish and Wildlife Service, and the Seattle "friend" was an alleged dealer in illegal hides who knew Swanson and who agreed, after some pointed discussion with agents regarding federal penalties for transporting illegally killed game, to provide a reference for Halstead. The construction company was real, complete with a secretary to take the checkup calls Swanson was sure to make. A hunting date was made for Sept. 13, and Swanson specified, as he had with all his other customers, that payment be in small-denomination bills. Swanson said the fee was for five days but the hunt probably would not take more than two, as he had 31 rams spotted, including several exceptional heads. He said he would provide the rifle so that Halstead would not risk arousing suspicion by bringing one along with him.

In late July Halstead telephoned Swanson to confirm the date and his time of arrival, and Swanson sleepily explained he had taken two hunters out the day before and that both had got their rams and were already on their way home after sneaking out of the desert under cover of darkness. On Aug. 13 the two spoke again via the construction-company office number and Swanson said he had spotted "the goddamnedest sheep in the world" and that Halstead would have to come earlier. Besides, he said, Halstead had said he was in good shape, and this sheep was in an area that would require a lot of walking in heat up to 120°. Swanson said he had several poorly conditioned "sportsmen" he would take into easier country on Halstead's reserved date, the 13th, and Halstead agreed to fly out 10 days early.

Late on the night of Sept. 3 Halstead departed at the Ontario, Calif. airport and was met by Swanson and one of his guides, Ray Pocha, Swanson apologized and said he had another client, this one from New Jersey, and that Pocha would guide Halstead into an area where there were several exceptional rams, including the "goddamnedest" one. The three men got in a pickup truck

with a camper body and drove to Swanson's home in Yucaipa. On the way, Swanson told Halstead that he had a lot of clients in the East, including eight or 10 from Pennsylvania, mostly in the York area, and several in Vermont. One of the Vermonters, he said, had killed a desert bighorn that might even rank in the top 10 in the Boone and Crockett Club big-game records. It had been submitted as having been shot under a Mexican permit.

At the house Swanson conducted a tour, including his trophy room—in which there were five trophy-size sheep skulls and one mounted head.

Halstead had stopped in Denver to cash a check for \$2,500 provided by the California Department of Fish and Game, as arranged by Matthews, and was carrying the money in his camera bag. Also in the bag was a tiny but powerful radio transmitter that would enable agents in small airplanes to keep tabs on Halstead's whereabouts. Later, Halstead was to plant the radio near the site of the kill so there would be no question of whether the shooting had been done in Mexico or California. That night Halstead handed over \$1,500 in \$20 bills and agreed to pay the balance of \$1,000

continued



After the raid Cliff Matthews and Loren K. Parcher posed with an illegally shot trophy head.

upon successful completion of the hunt, Halstead changed into hunting clothes and, before leaving, went into the bathroom. When he came out, Swanson asked why he had taken the camera bag with him. "It has the rest of the money in it," Halstead explained, "and I trust you, but..." Swanson laughed, and they went outside to meet Ray Pocha in the camper at about 1:30 a.m.

The two men, Halstead and Pocha, set off, driving toward the Salton Sea. After a while Pocha pulled to the side of the road, saying he had been up two nights in a row with another hunter and was pooped. He slept until 4:30 a.m., then drove south past the Salton Sea through the Imperial Valley and west on State Route 80. Near Mountain Spring he turned south on a blacktop road to Jacumba, nearly on the Mexican border, and then onto a dirt road running through the McCain Ranch. Pocha had been keeping an eye on his rearview mirror and announced that a car with government insignia was following them. The car, with a man and some young boys, passed him and Pocha said they were probably bound for a camp in the area. Pocha then turned off onto a dirt trail up the mountain and, when the trail ended, he hid the camper behind an enormous boulder.

Pocha took out a 308 Remington rifle from beneath one of the camper bunks and handed it to Halstead, along with four cartridges and a knapsack containing a gallon of water and some food. The two men then set forth on foot. After four hours of mostly uphill walking in broiling sun toward what Pocha said were some springs, Halstead announced he was too exhausted to go any farther. Pocha then asked if he still wanted to continue; Halstead did, indeed, and Pocha took the rifle and said he would meet Halstead back at the camper, warning him to look out for rattlesnakes. They had seen several, both sidewinders and diamondbacks, and earlier Swanson had told them of once sitting down within a foot of a diamondback.

While backtracking, Halstead heard a shot and at the truck he heard another. Then he saw a Chevy truck coming up the trail. It pulled up and Gary Swanson got out introducing one passenger as Jim (Bersley) and another, in business clothes, as Mr. Nelson of New Jersey. Swanson said they would be hunting the ridge across the canyon. The



Inside Swanson's tannery, experts turned up more evidence of what they called illegal宰杀.

three of them left in the truck after Nelson changed into hunting clothes. Halstead then took a number of photographs of the camper and the area and planted the turned-on transmitter in a clump of bushes. Several hours later Pocha showed up with a fine ram's head and cape. He said he had seen eight ewes and a half-curl ram before hearing a commotion in a cave near the spring. It was two rams fighting, and when they charged past him within 15 feet, he had killed the larger. Halstead congratulated him, took some snapshots of the ram's head and asked how many sheep Pocha had packed out this season. "This'll be the 15th," Pocha said, and added that Swanson had probably brought out more, since he guided often.

Half an hour later Swanson, Nelson and Jim returned in their truck. Swanson said he had seen seven or eight sheep, including a decent ram, but Nelson had been unable to get a clear shot. While the group discussed the number of sheep seen during the day—about 46, they calculated—Jim skinned out the head Pocha had shot. Halstead noticed he did this with professional speed.

The horns and cape were put in a black plastic garbage-can liner and hidden in the pickup. Swanson told Halstead he would take him into a motel in Redlands. Swanson said he was leaving the following Monday for a sheep hunt in Russia and that he had a lot of work to do. Halstead took Swanson aside and said he would like to tip Pocha \$100 but

did not have that much extra cash. He asked if Swanson would take a check for the hundred, and when Swanson agreed he gave Pocha five marked 20s. On the way back to Redlands, Halstead noticed they were going by a different route. He asked why and Swanson explained they were taking back roads to avoid the Border Patrol, which made occasional road checks in the area. Swanson dropped Halstead at the Stardust Motel, collected \$900 in cash, said he would be back in the morning with the clothes Halstead had left at his house and drove off.

He was back the next morning at nine with the clothes, his wife, his two children and a woman he introduced as Pearl (later identified as Pearl Prudholm, an employee at Swanson's shop). Halstead handed Swanson two \$100 checks, one for mounting the ram's head. They all went to a nearby restaurant for breakfast, where after some small talk Mrs. Swanson asked Halstead if he was, or intended to become, a Grand Slammer. The Grand Slam Club, with headquarters in Phoenix, is composed of hunters who have killed four North American wild sheep, desert bighorn, Rocky Mountain bighorn, Stone and Dull. Getting all four—legitimately—involves considerable luck in drawing a desert-sheep permit as well as heart-bursting physical exertion in getting to where the rare mountain varieties hang out, often above the timberline. Thus, the club is an exclusive one. Halstead said he was

continued

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not a Grand Slammer but might like to try, and Swanson assured him it would be simple. He said he had connections in Wyoming and Montana, and it would not take more than a day or two to get a Rocky Mountain ram. (All Dall, or "white sheep," come from the mountains of Alaska and from the Yukon and the Northwest Territories. Of the 189 Stone sheep listed in the latest Boone and Crockett record book, almost all were killed in British Columbia.) Swanson assured Halstead that although he would be in Russia for the next several weeks, a phone call to his wife would be enough to set up a trophy-guaranteed hunt.

After breakfast Halstead took his leave of the Swansons and Pearl drove him to the Ontario airport. En route she explained that she took care of the taxidermy shop, did most of the skinning, served as camp cook occasionally and had even guided in a pinch. As soon as Pearl left him at the airport, Halstead met Parcher and another federal agent who had been waiting nearby and flew toward the hunting area, which they easily pinpointed thanks to the still-beeping transmitter.

At 11:30 a.m. on Sept. 28, federal agents, California Fish and Game department agents and deputies from the San Bernardino sheriff's office simultaneously raided Swanson's taxidermy shop, his residence, the residences of Ray Pocha, Pearl Prudholm and Jim Bensley and the Safari Hide and Fur Company, owned by Swanson and Bensley. Armed with warrants, they confiscated correspondence involving more than 150 hunter-clients and prospective clients, two address books with names of past and prospective clients, five mounted bighorn heads, 15 bighorn skull caps, some fresh, numerous bighorn capes and skins and a fully mounted desert bighorn ram, crated and ready for shipment to Calgary, Alberta. Swanson was still in Russia, but when the agents learned during the raid that Jim Bensley was on the Ferris Mountain Ranch in Wyoming, the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission was notified. Bensley was picked up while leaving the ranch with a truckload of antelope horns, hide and meat. A few hours later he was charged with 21 counts of Wyoming state game-law violations and jailed in lieu of \$500 bail. Pearl Prudholm and Ray Pocha were jailed on charges of conspiracy to commit a crime.

From the seized correspondence it was clear that hunters from at least 21 states and two foreign countries, Canada and Mexico, had come under Swanson's "influence," as a U.S. Game Management memo put it, including an Oregon realtor, a Japanese-American construction executive from Honolulu, a Vermont restaurant owner, an Idaho clergyman active in charities and youth rehabilitation work, an Oregon logger, a Pennsylvania contractor, an Oklahoma physician and so on. What they had in common was a passion for acquiring a trophy sheep, a willingness to disregard the written laws of the land as well as the unwritten laws of sportsmanship, and ready cash. Several of them were desperate to be members of the Grand Slam Club, that elite organization whose members must submit evidence of having brought back the necessary varieties of sheep. All of them were afflicted with the almost manic urge that afflicts sheep hunters the world over but which most of them manage to keep within the bounds of legality and sportsmanship. The sheep hunter's single-mindedness, says Chief Charles Lawrence of the Fish and Wildlife Service's Division of Management and Enforcement, can sometimes seem like an obsession.

A dedicated sheep hunter—and there is hardly any other kind—will crawl and claw his way for hours across a rocky ridge at 14,000 feet or higher, while his nose bleeds and his head aches with altitude sickness and his granite-torn hands can barely hold a rifle, to get within range of a good ram. Then often as not he will refuse to shoot because it is not quite good enough. Sheep hunters probably suffer more to kill fewer animals than any other breed of trophy seeker. When successful they may rate an obscure small-type listing in the Boone and Crockett Club's record book, but except for other sheep hunters few people will be even slightly impressed.

The investigation of Swanson's files stirred up a legal storm that has not yet subsided. First, California indicted six conspirators, including Swanson, his wife, Pearl Prudholm, Raymond Pocha, James Bensley and hunter Olav E. Nelson, the man who happened to be on an illegal bighorn hunt the same day as agent Halstead. Eventually, charges against Mrs. Swanson were dismissed. Nelson's charges were held up so that

he could testify in state and federal cases; Prudholm and Bensley's were lightened from felonies to misdemeanors.

Then came the U.S. role in the case: After examining Swanson's files, U.S. Attorney Robert L. Meyer indicted 35 individuals for violating federal statutes prohibiting the interstate transportation of the dead body or parts thereof of wild mammals taken in violation of federal, state, local or foreign fish and game laws. The 35 included Swanson, Bensley and Pocha, plus numerous hunters. In court actions since, 28 of the accused hunters have pleaded guilty or no contest and have been permitted to pay fines in their home areas, usually set at \$500. Swanson, Bensley and Pocha pleaded innocent to the federal charge and will face Federal court trial later this summer.

According to a friend of Swanson's, the taxidermist probably began as a sincere conservationist genuinely concerned with the welfare of the bighorn sheep. He spent much of his time studying them in their desolate habitat and observed that many old rams, often with magnificent horns, were bested by younger males and driven out of the herd. A trophy hunter himself, he rationalized that shooting such animals could not hurt the herd and he killed several such exiled rams for his own trophy room. When rumors began circulating that Swanson had access to good bighorn hunting he was approached by hunters thwarted in their efforts to get Mexican or American permits. The hunters offered him substantial fees in return for a bighorn trophy and Swanson eventually took out several such "sportsmen" for \$500. As the supply of old rams dwindled he kept raising the ante until he was asking—and getting—\$3,000. By this time, the friend said, he had stopped being fussy about shooting only old rams and had begun to shoot anything with a fairly respectable curl to its horns. Even so, he was still able to persuade some of his clients that he, and they, were performing a valuable service to the herd by "thinning it out" and eliminating many "old, diseased rams." In letters sent during his Russian safari he urged his wife to try to sign up any and all hunters. Thus what may have begun as an illegal but relatively harmless poaching adventure ended as one of the most sordid hunting stories in the modern history of American wildlife. END

PUTTING THE CASE TO HOWIE THE HORSE

Horse racing has been highlighted by two notable happenings this year. One was the arrival of Canonero II, who spared us a long wake just when we had begun mourning Howie the Flag, the magnificent 3-year-old injured prior to the Triple Crown races. The other was the establishment in New York City of off-track betting.

Not since Native Dancer has a horse had the mass appeal of Canonero. In a single afternoon—Derby Day—the \$1,200 castoff from Venezuela renewed public interest in racing, put the sport front and center in the news and made off-track betting a million-dollar wonder. Spurred by the interest in Canonero and the Triple Crown, OTB is on its way to being a huge success. Maryland, New Jersey, California and Illinois are talking of establishing their own OTB businesses. Something new and significant has surely come to U.S. sport.

Americans long should have had the right to wager on horses without going to racetracks or dealing clandestinely with bookmakers. For quite a while the Australians, French and English have bet off the track. But in this country the right was denied, in part because as a form of gambling it was viewed as an immoral pastime but also because race-track operators feared this kind of wagering might diminish attendance and mutual handle, their sources of profit.

Actually, if it is properly administered, OTB can make the \$7-billion-a-year horse racing industry lastingly secure.

It can, and it should. There need only be a fair sharing of revenue among the four partners involved: state, municipality, race-course and horsemen. Unless such a relationship exists, tracks and horsemen will be unable to operate because of their loss of income.

For example, at New York's Belmont Park an average customer bets \$100 a day. Seventeen per cent of this \$100 is deducted, with the balance returned in payoffs to the bettors. The \$17 is divided as follows: \$10 goes to the New York State treasury, \$4 to the New York Racing Association, which operates the track, and \$3 to the horsemen for purse money. The same \$100, when bet through OTB under present law, yields \$15.50 to state and municipal treasuries (spe-



AUTHOR Ryan, a vice-chairman of the horsemen's panel advising the city, welcomes OTB but calls for a fairer sharing of revenue.

cifically, New York City gets \$12.40 and New York State \$3.10, \$1 to the NYRA and a mere 50¢ to the horsemen.

The inequity is obvious; the division is unfair. In addition, there is no provision for any distribution to either horsemen or tracks in the case of separate pools, such as the ones New York City conducted on the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. This amounts to taxation without representation. The recently formed Horsemen's Advisory Council, composed of men professionally identified with thoroughbred and standard-breed racing, did prevail upon OTB Chairman Howard Samuels to turn over 1% of the off-track Belmont Stakes handle—a sum amounting to \$11,770—to the NYRA and its chairman, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, graciously earmarked this amount for purse money. Although a pittance, it was at least something and it points up the possible benefits off-track betting has for the horsemen, who are, after all, the men who sustain the sport.

It would be unfair to criticize either Kent Brown, who is charged with instituting off-track betting in New York State, or Samuels, who holds the responsibility in New York City, for their often naïve approach to the problems. Both men are self-admitted neophytes with little knowledge of the operations of the thoroughbred and standardbred industries. Brown and Samuels are simply doing their best to get OTB started and are under extreme pressure from the state to do so. As a result, some of their decisions have been hasty and made without a thorough understanding of the mechanics of the sport.

Since OTB is almost certain to become a nationwide phenomenon, the concern among horsemen is that these same mistakes will be repeated elsewhere in the mad scramble to get a piece of the gambling pie. Within five years, according to conservative estimate, most of the 30 states that have legalized pari-mutuel betting will have off-track wagering facilities, and some states without racing (viz, Connecticut) are already attempting to cash in on the bonanza. So it is vital that the lessons of the pio-

continued

The chief of New York's new off-track betting system

admits he knows little about racing, so he noted

horsemen explains the possible virtues and vices of OTB

by E. BARRY RYAN with WHITNEY TOWER



ORGANIZER of the novel project, Howard (Howie) Samuels, has been hampered by balky wires and malfunctioning computers.

neer state, New York, be carefully studied in order to set up the fairest possible return for all concerned.

There has been for some time a struggle for revenue between horsemen and tracks on one side and exceedingly greedy state treasuries on the other. States obviously want all the tax moneys they can get. Horsemen and tracks are faced with annual cost increases averaging 8%. National attendance figures are on the decline, probably due to the economy of the country as a whole. Extended racing dates increase costs and often tend to decrease the average attendance per day. A track's net profit is largely dependent upon admissions, concessions, sale of programs and parking fees. The horse owner's profit, if any, is dependent upon the good fortune of owning one or more stakes performers. And there are precious few of these.

In short, everyone is scrambling for funds, and little cash remains to be spent on some very necessary improvements in the sport, i.e., for better working and living conditions for stable employees, including facilities for the ever-increasing number of females (now 10% of the backstretch labor force at Belmont Park). Educational programs should be established for the growing number of Latins entering the field. There should be more adequate backstretch pension and welfare programs, increased health benefits, emergency hospitalization facilities, schools for apprentice jockeys, harness drivers and grooms and equine hospitals and research, particularly in communicable diseases—an epidemic

could close down U.S. tracks within 72 hours.

Off-track betting, properly set up, can give racing the chance to accomplish all of these things. France is a good example. In that country 92% of all wagering is on racing at the five major tracks in the Paris area. Of this amount 89.7% is bet off track. Yet this does not place even the smallest tracks far from Paris in jeopardy, nor the industry as a whole in a compromising position, since the receipts from off-track betting subsidize and support the entire sport. Adequately provided for by this arrangement are the aforementioned items, as well as an impressive purse structure that approximates—or surpasses—the best in this country. The recent French Oaks had a gross purse of \$280,000. Last week's U.S. equivalent, the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park, grossed only \$130,000. In France, largely because a generous 10.45% of all off-track money is given back to the industry, an owner has a 50-50 chance to break even.

Australia accomplishes the same thing in a slightly different manner. All profits from off-track betting, after taxes and operational expenses have been met, are returned to the racecourses, large and small, with a specific percentage allotted for purses, jockey schools, etc. The industry receives about 3% of the money wagered off the track.

For instance, through a sophisticated electronic message system, a one-day country meeting at Kilmore, near Melbourne, with an attendance of only

4,000, handles \$50,000 in on-track bets and another \$450,000 off track. The only way such small tracks as Kilmore can exist is through participation in OTB.

In England, on the other hand, off-track betting is not entirely harnessed to do the most good. Bookmaking is legal and accounts for a large proportion of the action. This money is not included in the pari-mutuel scheme and only a very small portion of it is returned to the tracks and horsemen. The result, in recent years, is that a number of racecourses have gone bankrupt and the prize money at tracks still operating is spread entirely too thin.

State legislatures in the U.S. are looking to New York as a model for an OTB operation. Though it has been hampered from the beginning by difficult labor negotiations, lack of computer systems, untrained personnel and insufficient facilities (last week New York City opened the 12th of its expected 70 betting shops), the city's trial balloon is somehow in flight. But Howard Samuel's announcements of daily increases in off-track handle notwithstanding, he still faces the stark reality of a \$1 million annual payroll to be met in executive salaries alone and somewhere in the neighborhood of a \$5 million deficit in capital expenses. By Samuel's own admission these expenses are about double those of France (7% vs. 3 1/2%). The very efficiency of the French system means more for the four partners involved and indicates that an improvement is both necessary and possible here at home.

There is no question that the principle of off-track betting is sound. I know OTB ultimately will be a great success. Gambling is a part of human nature. The real question is what must be done to protect the economic health of American racing as it moves into an immensely complex electronic world? In the first place I think that any state having off-track betting must guarantee the property rights of the horsemen involved in putting on the show. This is to say that the off-track takeout designated for both horsemen and tracks should be basically the same as those from on-track betting revenues, at least until such a time as the off-track betting handle reaches such proportions that a scaling down of this ratio is fair. I am not thinking in terms of increased purse money alone, but funds as well for the vital fringe benefits I have mentioned.



ALFRED VANDERBILT (CENTER) IS SEEKING PROTECTION FOR TRACKS AND HORSEMEN

As off-track betting expands, I would certainly endorse certain forms of what we might call "exotic" betting (*i.e.*, *nerve*, *perfecta*, etc.) which could quite easily withstand increased takeouts. The *nerve*, the most popular form of French betting, requires the player to pick the first three runners in order and is particularly designed for a three-franc (60¢) wager. In this country the *nerve* could be easily reduced to \$1.00, or even to a 50¢ bet.

There has been much speculation on operating separate mutual pools on out-of-state tracks during the off season in New York. This plan is dangerous since two can play the game. If New York takes bets on a neighboring state, the reverse could be true. This, in itself, is only fair if horsemen in both those communities have their rights respected. Personally, I believe everybody should stay and play in his own backyard. I welcome the opportunity to bet on such races as the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, but I find it unconscionable that the racecourses involved and the horsemen at those distant meetings are not properly compensated. (In England the Race Horse Owners Association is demanding the television industry pay performers' fees to owners whose horses appear in televised races.)

Finally, for the prosperity of the sport, all interests must pull together. There must be a common effort among tracks, large and small, just as there must be between thoroughbred and standardbred people. Wagering on major tracks through the operation of OTB offices should not be at the expense of the smaller tracks in the immediate area. Rather, those horsemen and track operators, dependent upon local population for their very survival, should be protected—if not at least partially subsidized—by off-track betting revenue so as to insure that today's minor track will not become tomorrow's closed-down track.

OTB can contribute immeasurably to better racing but must not be permitted to undermine the sport in any fashion. This is racing's biggest choice. If each state will move carefully into this new world with full recognition of not only its responsibility to its constituents and local treasury but also to the hundreds of thousands of people in the racing business who are staging the largest paid-spectator sport in the U.S., then, and only then, will the game be secure. **END**



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Exterminating a Ping-Pong Pest

by DICK MILES

The 10-time U.S. table-tennis champion, recently back from that famed sporting-diplomatic trip to Red China, offers some very undiplomatic advice on disposing of that nemesis of all players, the monotonous fellow who merely blocks your every shot

At 13 I was already a hotshot at table tennis, and a bit of a hustler besides. For two years I had roamed New York City seeking action, a racket in one hand, a ball in the other and a brazen challenge in my teeth. Behind me lay a wake of bankrupt playgrounds. But I got my comeuppance when an ill-fated sortie led me to the Broadway Table Tennis Courts, which, though I did not know it then, was America's premier table-tennis precinct. Housed in a rundown loft in mid-Manhattan, it was the mailing address for U.S. champions and, as I soon found out, a snug hustlers' lair as well. When I climbed its dingy stairs I was a cocky wizard with six bucks looking for 12; within minutes I was wiped out by a Fink named Herb.

Herb Fink was America's finest table-tennis hustler. He had a lamb's face, a hawk's heart, a spider's limbs and a wasp's amiability. Twenty years of playing his game in a close-to-the-table crouch had permanently hunched his back and immutably fixed his eyes on a coordinate in space nine feet in front of him and not high. As a hustler he was ingenious. His repertoire of gimmick games was irresistible. He would play you left-handed or right-handed. He would play you standing on one foot; or no feet (sitting on a chair). He would play you on no feet with no hands (sitting on a chair, racket clenched in teeth). He would play you carrying a bucket of water in his left hand—and you won if he spilled any. But his most fruitful hustling asset was his grotesque strokeless style. He had no forehand attack, no backhand attack, no serves, no spin.

Yet Herb Fink was tough, for he was that nemesis of all amateurs, the steady, get-'em-back blocker. He would plant himself tight against the table in his shell-like stance with those fixed, unblinking turtle eyes, and without ever trying to really earn a point he would block the ball back metronomically, his sandpaper racket going clack clack clack, until, despite your graceful and obviously superior strokes, your agility, your power, your fighting spirit, your

sneakers and your shorts (Fink played in vest and street shoes), you missed.

Though Fink was far from a champion, he was still beating me long after I had won my first shelf of trophies. It became obvious that strategy was called for. But it took hundreds of losses and a fortune in coin before I discovered a tactic that would beat him. And I never got my money back. Like all good hustlers, Fink was egoless. "Yur gettin' too strong, kid," he told me one day. "I'm packin' you in," and he sought other sheep to shear.

Fink was a master at his game, but his style is far from unusual. Anyone who has ever lifted a racket, home player or champion, has run into a Fink type. So let me offer this small primer on how to beat him.

To begin, two quick suggestions. First, chances are you are using a sandpaper racket or one covered with rubber pups. Modern table tennis is played with sponge rackets, infinitely faster and deadlier. Switch. The change should be worth about seven points to your game. Second, use the conventional shake-hands grip. Deviations from a sound grip, no matter how small, usually magnify themselves into gross errors. True, the Orientals, who dominate the game, use the penholder grip, but unless you are as adept at eating with chopsticks as they are forget it. Now on to strokes.

The most elementary shot in the game is the push shot, backhand or forehand. It is simply a stroke used to keep the ball in play and, though not a point winner, it is necessary equipment for beginner and expert. To execute the push, stand about two feet behind the table, knees slightly bent, arms relaxed and hanging, shoulders slouched. Hold the left hand high for balance. As the ball approaches, assuming a medium-speed serve down the middle, the backswing—either forehand or backhand—is made by drawing back the racket in a smooth horizontal motion. Racket, wrist and forearm go back in one piece merely by

continued



Ping-Pong Pest *continued*



THE FOREHAND PUSH is a stroke used merely to keep the ball in play. The racket should be slightly open to impart underspin.

THE FINK-BEATER is the forehand drive. Combined with top spin, which holds the ball on the table, and hit toward Fink's right hip, this power shot forces such a weak return that a second drive usually ends the point.

THE BACKHAND PUSH is the mirror image of the forehand. At impact, you should feel you are sweeping, not tapping, the ball.



allowing the forearm to swivel in the elbow socket. The angle of the racket should be slightly open so that on contact you will impart a bit of backspin to the ball. When the racket reaches the limit of its backswing, the forward motion begins. There is no pause. The motion is fluid, continuous and rhythmical. Most important, at impact there is no feeling of tapping the ball. Have the feeling that you are *carrying* the ball over the net by prolonging its contact on your racket. The spin is applied only by your open-faced racket, not by any wrist snap.

This is a shot for consistency. Do not try to win points with it.

If you practice your push shot and add nothing to it you may soon get so steady that you can actually outally your particular Fink. But don't bet on it. The decisive, irrefutable and most satisfying answer to Fink's shell-like block is to overwhelm him with pure power. It is the punishment that fits his crime. And in table tennis, power means the forehand drive.

World-class players seldom bother to develop a backhand putaway. They use





THE FATAL SPOT for a close-to-the-table blocker is the area around the right hip, the no-man's-land between forehand and backhand.

their backhand attack only when necessary, and even then only as an interim positional weapon to maintain the offense during a point until they can get into position to kill the ball with their forehand, for the forehand can be hit harder and more accurately.

The forehand drive is a combination of two motions, a forward motion that produces power and an upward grazing motion that produces top spin. Top spin is necessary on all attacking shots, even high setups. Without the downward tug of top spin, which forces the ball to

sink as it crosses the net, hard-hit shots would fly yards off the end of the table.

The forehand stroke that I use combines the forward power action and the upward top-spin action in one circular motion (below). The sequence begins with the ready position. Here the stance is sideways, left hip toward the net. The blade of the bat should be perpendicular to the floor; the handle horizontal. The backswing begins with a slight upward movement of the wrist. This raises the racket head so that the handle is now pointed downward.

continued



From this position the racket is drawn back in an upward arc so that the edge of the racket passes close to the chin. It is the forearm, primarily, that is executing the circular swing. It is swiveling in the elbow socket while the elbow itself is kept tucked in, close to the right hip. The upper arm is relaxed. It just hangs from the shoulder.

The wrist, having moved upward and earned the head of the racket past the chin, now begins to cock backward as well. This means that at the full extent of the backswing the forearm and the blade of the racket are almost at right angles. The harder the ball is to be hit, the farther back the racket is extended. Naturally, on very hard-hit shots, the elbow moves away from the hip.

Throughout the backswing the body is pivoting left to right. When the racket reaches the limit of the backswing, the upper semicircle of the stroke has



THE FINAL TWIST to drive Pink crazy is this forehand-spin serve (below), which is hit with a left-to-right motion, the racket barely grazing the ball (above), thus cutting down on its forward impetus. Pink's attempt at a return should land near the flowerpot on his left.

been completed. Now the racket begins its forward path and, since top spin is the object, the racket must be brought down well below the point at which you will contact the ball. In other words, there must be enough upward swinging room so that the racket can be accelerated before it meets the ball.

Throughout the swing, just as the forearm moves in a circle, so does the wrist, independently. This means that at the bottom of the circle, just before the racket is swung up to meet the ball, the racket head is pointed down.

A crucial mistake of beginners, and often experts, too, is that once having cocked the racket upward on the backswing they leave it that way. This eliminates any chance of getting adequate power or top spin.

At the bottom of the circular swing, with the racket head pointed down but still cocked at an angle, the forearm be-



gins to accelerate rapidly upward toward the ball. At the same time the wrist does two things: it moves smartly forward from its cocked position (for power), and it turns briskly upward so that the surface of the racket strikes the top back part of the ball for top spin.

The entire rhythm of the swing must be controlled so that the maximum power is released at this contact point. Since the wrist releases most of this power, the racket head is "snapped" within a very small area. In the best forehand drives the snap is so integrated that it is barely visible as an action in itself.

Naturally, throughout the forward swing the body is pivoting right to left, uncoiling from the position it reached during the backswing. Also, and this is crucial, note that the follow-through does not take the racket across the body from right to left as it does in tennis. The stroke is completed with a tight, tense and abrupt halt, with the racket behind the right ear.

So far so good, but don't underestimate your Fink. Even though your forehand drive may get deadly, he may not let you use it. His position close to the table gives him a time advantage, and by blocking his returns quickly to your backhand he may prevent your best shot. This is where my Fink-beating system becomes operative.

Because Fink has committed himself to crowding the table, he, too, has a time disadvantage. For instance, if you can find a weak spot in his defense and can hit the ball there sharply enough with an element of surprise, he may not have enough time to maneuver his wall-like racket into position. The problem is to find his weak spot.

It exists. It is the same weak spot all blockers have. It is the area in the neighborhood of the right hip. Any ball hit there, even softly, becomes awkward for the blocker to handle, for the right hip marks the no-man's-land between the forehand and backhand block. For him to hit a backhand requires a contortion, but to switch from backhand to forehand requires the reflexes of an Olympic fencer, and even then the forehand will be cramped. Either shot figures to produce an error or a setup return.

So your strategy against the blocker, though not necessarily easy to execute, is theoretically clear-cut. On each point you will wait to single out one of his returns that gives you enough time to turn

sideways and take it in your forehand driving stance. Then hit your drive to that no-shot-land, that gulf at Fink's right hip between his backhand and forehand block.

The best procedure is to begin each point with a series of pushing exchanges, your push against his block. Your own shots can go anywhere on the table. At this stage of the rally the only important thing is to keep the ball in play. Meanwhile, Fink will probably be crowding you into your backhand corner. Never mind. As soon as you have the rhythm of the rally and feel ready to make your move, take one of Fink's returns and push back at him a relatively slow-traveling ball, this time, however, making sure that your push has been angled from your own backhand court deep to his backhand court. And, as you make your return, step around your backhand to your left and into your forehand driving position. Notice that it is the slowness of your own push shot that gives you the time to get into position.

Seemingly, this maneuver leaves your forehand side unguarded, but if Fink does block there his angle is limited (because you have pushed to his backhand) and you can still reach the ball with your forehand. More likely, he will again block to your backhand—but this time you will be waiting with your forehand drive to attack his weak spot. Your first forehand need not be a kill, it need only be severe. But it must be well placed. Topspin it to that break-off point between forehand and backhand. It is your second drive—presumably on Fink's weak return—that wins the point. If you blast it hard enough you can afford to hit it anywhere on the table, but once again your best target against a blocker trapped at the table is that undefendable forehand-backhand area.

One last thought. You are not irrevocably pledged to attack just because your slow push shot got you into position. If your nemesis blocks the ball back too low, too fast or uncomfortably wide to your forehand, do not panic. Just push the ball back and start the whole maneuver over again.

Now, to really send your Fink home a broken man, let me finish by showing you two spin serves that are easy to execute but tend to demolish the average basement player.

You know, of course, that the service

rule states the ball must be thrown into the air from your open palm. Well, now you know. Moreover, it must be struck as it descends. This eliminates the chance of applying spin by rubbing the ball against the racket with palm or fingers, or achieving speed by throwing the ball into the racket. (If Fink is swindling you on his serve, quote the rule.) But even within these limits a little know-how and a sponge bat can produce half a dozen aces a game.

One of the easiest serves to learn, though quite potent, is the forehand sidespin serve. The spin is achieved by dragging the racket across the ball from right to left. You should stand sideways to the table, feet apart, with your left foot pointed toward the net and your right foot perpendicular to the table. Your racket is held out far to your right, and your wrist is well back so that the back of your right hand and your forearm form a V. The wrist maintains this position throughout the motion. Toss the ball about six inches into the air.

The swing is a right-to-left grazing motion across the back center of the ball. The grazing action cuts down the ball's forward motion and keeps it on the table. The faster you swing and the finer you graze the ball the more spin you will get. At first, in trying to shoe the ball thin, you may miss it completely, but an hour or two of practice should produce a Fink-shaker of a serve.

A companion to this serve is another sidespin version, this one being stroked left to right, with a bit of top spin added (*left*). The ready position and toss are the same, except that the stance is a half crouch. The crouch lets you strike the ball when it is closer to the table surface, thus cutting down the angle of the bounce and keeping the ball lower as it crosses the net.

Much more wrist goes into this serve than the preceding one. The wrist, moving from left to right, briskly snaps the racket head over the outside top surface of the ball and, again, the brisker the snap and the finer the grazing action, the more the spin. This serve should ricochet off Fink's bat like a bullet. By using these two serves alternately—and only when you really need a point—you will make them doubly effective.

Now you have the push shot, the forehand drive, some strategy and two serves. There may be no holding you. So much for Fink. **END**



by PAT PUTNAM

Except for lions, which get too gentle, any reasonable animal can be trained, or so says Jonny Rivers, who provides Gulfstream Park with its wildest contests

Delma Rivers, carrying a tiny bear cub in one hand and a baby bottle in the other, slogged slowly through the freshly raked dirt of Gulfstream's racing strip. Half a furlong ahead Jonny, her husband, was wheeling a long low red trailer into position in front of the winner's circle. The tiny windows of the trailer were barred. From inside came growls, deep, throaty and vicious. "I don't even want to look," said jockey Eddie Maletto. He was clothed in the classic attire of an elf, a long green stocking cap and pointed green slippers, both belled, a green jacket with spiked red collar, a blue leotard and a slightly sheepish look. Maletto turned to a friend, Norman Reagan, a jockey in civilian clothes. "You go look," he said. Reagan laughed, moved to the trailer and peered in through the bars.

"What do they look like?" Maletto asked.

BACKER OF A BEARBACK RIDE



BEFORE THIS YEAR'S FLORIDA DERBY, THREE JOCKEYS—ALL VOLUNTEERS—STAGE A RACE WITH THREE OF JONNY'S THORO-BEARS

"They look like bears, you dimwit. What did you think they looked like?"

"Yeah," Maletto said, unhappily.

Jonny Rivers climbed down from the cab of the truck. "O.K., let's get those bears out here," he said. "They want to meet the jockeys."

"He means they want to eat the jockeys," said Reagan, laughing. Maletto gave him a pained look.

"You want all three bears?" Bob Leonard, a handler, asked Rivers.

"Now," said Rivers, waving a large, grainy hand. "Just bring out Barney and Becky. Leave Beulah in there. She's sort of a surprise."

"A surprise for whom?" he was asked.

Rivers looked around and noted there were no jockeys within hearing distance. Still, he whispered, "A surprise for the jockeys. I don't want to scare them off. That Beulah, she's still got her front claws. She's crazy. And quick. When we turn her loose she's liable to take off for the lake. She ought to be good for a few laughs on Saturday."

This was Wednesday morning, three days before the 1971 Florida Derby, and the only chance the jockeys, all volunteers, would get to meet their mounts before the pre-Derby wild-animal race. In the past they and others had ridden such exotic beasts as Brahma bulls, zebras, camels, yaks, ostriches, buffalo, llamas, guanacos and baby elephants, all painted in the orchid colors of the Derby. Most of the rides since 1959 had been short and painful. For trying, the jockeys get \$100 for riding and an extra \$100 for winning.

"Come on, Eddie," Rivers said. "Climb up on old Barney and let's see what happens." Rivers has trained all the animals for the Gulfstream zoo racing classic, and he has never lost his curiosity about what will happen when one of the little people first boards one of his steeds. "Usually," he says, "they wind up on their butts. Or their heads."

Old Barney was a 4-year-old, hand-raised from a cub, and as a full-grown black bear weighed in at close to 400 pounds. He was muzzled and his front claws had been pulled. Still, he looked as though he belonged in a cage, not a starting gate. "Don't worry, Eddie, his claws are gone," Rivers said soothingly.

"The ones he uses to rip open stomachs. Get on."

Sighing, Maletto climbed up and slipped quickly down and off the bear's back. Onto his butt. Barney is not quite as tall as a Shetland pony, and his back is nearly as narrow as a porch railing. "He's too small to ride," the jockey complained. But he tried again. This time he dug both hands into Barney's fur. Roaring, Barney spun, sending Maletto flying. "Don't grab his fur," Rivers said mildly. "It makes him angry."

"Now you tell me," said Maletto.

"Hey, Eddie, grab him by the ears," offered Reagan, laughing.

"You jump in the lake," said Maletto. "We've got a deal. If I don't grab anything of his, he won't grab anything of mine. Are you sure this muzzle is on tight?" A moment later Barney broke the pact. After tossing Maletto, the bear whirled and climbed on the fallen jockey. Two great furry forelegs hugged Maletto's slender chest.

"Ride him, Barney," Reagan yelled.

"Give him the whip."

"Get this crazy son-of-a-gun off of me," Maletto yelled.

"Don't call him names," Rivers admonished, trying not to laugh. "It just makes him mad." Finally, he pried the bear loose from the jockey. Maletto stayed down with his head cradled in his arms. Finally he looked up at Rivers. "Are you really going to turn those things loose on Saturday?" he asked.

"Of course," said Jonny Rivers, taking off his 10-gallon white Stetson.

Late that afternoon, with the air conditioner humming its own race against the humid Florida heat, Joe Tanenbaum, Gulfstream's energetic information director, sat in his office and took all the blame for the madness of racing bears and such on a thoroughbred racetrack. "The only bad thing," he said sadly, "is that instead of bears this year, I thought we'd have hippopotamuses. I've always wanted hippos."

The whole thing began 12 years ago when Tanenbaum moved from racing editor at the Miami News to his post at the track. He wanted to put on something really spectacular for Derby Day, but he was not sure just what. He went

to see a friend, the late Herb Kelly, then the amusement editor of the News and once an ardent \$2 horse bettor.

"Herb," Tanenbaum said, "when are you coming back to the track?"

"When you run elephants instead of horses," Kelly said.

Tanenbaum blinked behind his glasses. "That's it," he said. "Elephants! We'll race elephants. And zebras. And, and, well, all sorts of things." He frowned. "But where will we get them?"

"Are you serious?"

Tanenbaum assured Kelly he was.

"O.K.," said Kelly. "Let me make a few calls." Half an hour later he had a name—Jonny Rivers. "He's some kind of cowboy out of Missouri who puts on acts with diving mules," he told Tanenbaum. "Find him and maybe you have your man."

Jonny Rivers entered the world on orphan of sorts. He was born in 1917, the year his father was killed by a German machine gunner in France. Without funds or family, his mother moved from Dodge City, where his grandfather, Frank Culbert, had once been a marshal, to Omaha, and when he was six he was sent to Father Flanagan's Boys' Town. The practice at the time was to hire out the home's larger boys to work on farms in the summer. When he was 12, Rivers was 6' and weighed 165 pounds, which was considered more than big enough. A farmer came and took him to a cornfield, where he handed Rivers a hoe. He worked 16 hours a day and made \$15 a month. The first time they handed him \$15 he took off. He did not even stop to say goodbye. For the next four years he took any job he could get, eating when he could. At the age of 16 he talked a finance company into putting him into a car, a 2-year-old canary yellow Ford, and, ignoring one of the company's strict rules, immediately started for California. He ran out of both money and gas in Lordsburg, N. Mex., where a marshal found him sleeping in the car and arrested him for vagrancy.

"He told me I had a choice—get a job or go to jail," says Rivers. "I told him I'd love a job, but where? It just so happens, he told me, that his widowed

continued

mother was all alone on a small ranch just outside of town, and she needed help. I took the job. Then he asked me about the car. That was the last thing I wanted him to ask. I still owed the finance company \$150. He said he would have to call the company and tell them. They told him to sell the car for whatever he could get and send them the money. He sold the car—he sold it to me for \$50. His mother put up the money and said she'd take it out of my wages."

The ranch had two cow ponies, and here Rivers' love for animals bloomed. When he wasn't running 200 miles of trap lines or digging postholes with a pickax and coffee can, he spent his time riding one of the ponies. He attended local rodeos, attention glued to the contestants, and then he would rush home and practice what he had seen. Usually he would start with the hardest trick and work backward to the fundamentals. It was a painful way to learn. When he was 17 he said goodbye to the widow and took off with a traveling rodeo. "I figured I knew as many or more tricks than the riders they had," he says.

Between rodeos, Rivers took any job he could find. By the time he was 20 he was working nights at a factory and sleeping days as a lifeguard at Carter Lake near Omaha. "I'd just climb up in the tower, put on a pair of sunglasses and snooze," he says. "If anybody had drowned, I'd have been in a lot of trouble." Once he awoke in time to spot Delma, then a 16-year-old state AAU swimming champion. They were married and a child, Busch, was soon on the way. Four more children, two boys and two girls, followed. Rivers decided that to support them he needed to put on his own shows, and he became an expert on breaking unruly thoroughbreds.

"I got all the snakes," he says. "The buckers, the biters, the rollers, the lockers. Every time I got a new one, a crowd of 100 to 150 people would come out to watch. I used to throw on an old cow pony saddle and then sneak up on them. You never knew what they were going to do. Once I got on one and he rolled over backwards, I fixed that son-of-a-gun. Before he could get up I tied his head to the saddle horn. Then I got me a big bullwhip and whaled the tar out of him. All the time the owner was standing there crying and saying I was killing his expensive horse. I said, yeah, but that snake isn't killing me! When I

let that horse up he went straight to the track and won. He never rolled on anybody again. And he became a big winner. Wish I had bought him. But there's too many ponies in that sport."

The Rivers family settled for a while just outside Omaha, but in 1957 Jonny decided it was time he had a ranch of his own. At the time everything the Riverses owned was on wheels—a mobile home and two large semitrailers. They headed south and wound up in Camdenton, Mo. where a friend talked Rivers into staying the winter and putting on two rodeos. He expected to move on as soon as spring arrived.

"But I got to looking around the place and it was beautiful," he says. "Right on the shores of the Lake of the Ozarks and right in the heart of the mountains. And that winter was real mild. I went around in my shirtsleeves, I told Delma, this is it, and we bought some land. That winter sure fooled me. I've been up to my hips in snow ever since."

Rivers laughs, at the snow and at most things. "I learned a long time ago it doesn't pay to be serious," he says. "Ah, people, they are a pain in the butt. Sometimes I get so sick of them I could throw up. You can tell 95% of them a whopping lie and they'll swallow it. But tell them the truth and they'll question you. Out on the road with a show, they'll ask a million asinine questions. Over and over. Finally I just stare at them, make a few funny signs and walk away. They think I'm either crazy or deaf and dumb, but they leave me alone. I guess people are just like animals; some are smart and some are idiots."

The animal adepts Rivers trades away. He spends half his waking hours trading animals. Sometimes even he gets stuck.

"I guess I know as much about a horse as any man," he says. "And all I know is that a horse has a head, a tail and four legs and any one of them has as much chance as the next. That's why I have to laugh when I see how much people pay for thoroughbreds. Some of the stuff they buy should bark. But I ain't so smart either."

Eleven years ago Rivers discovered that mules could be trained to dive from a platform into a pool of water. This has been his ace act ever since. "All you need is a lot of patience, and a big club to get their attention," he says.

The big club is another put-on, as

the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals discovered after exhaustive investigations. It has been a few years since Rivers was last accused of treating his stock less than tenderly. But there was a time when he would hardly hit a town before being swarmed under by indignant animal lovers.

"Once when we arrived in Wichita there were about 40 angry people backed up by 10 deputy sheriffs," he recalls. "What can I do for you? I asked. Go away, said a deputy. He said his office had been flooded with complaints. So I asked him if he had ever seen the act and he said no.

"O.K.," said Rivers, "I'll tell you what. I've got a baby mule. Let us set up, and then I'll turn her loose a block from the pool. Nobody will touch her or anything. We'll just see what happens." The deputy agreed. After the tower-ramp and pool were set up, they turned the mule loose. Off she went, straight up the ramp, and without a moment's hesitation dove 20 feet into the six-foot pool of water. Then she climbed out and did it again.

"Golly danged," said the head deputy. "Say, would you have any extra tickets? I'd like my kids to see this."

"I don't know what they thought we were doing," Rivers says now. "Using trapdoors or pushing them off the platform, I guess. Shoot, we treat our animals better than most people treat their pets. Sometimes I even think I'm working for the animals instead of them working for me."

By this time Rivers had added exotic animals to his horse and mule acts. He figures an animal is an animal, and if he gets one with sense it can be trained. Except lions. "They are the worst act in the world," he says. "After they are trained they become gentle, dead-headed, won't do anything. That's why if you get a charging lion you've got a good one. Tigers are different. You can train them all you want and they'll still try and get at you if they can. Llamas are the same way. You can't turn your back on them for a minute."

The lure of an animal act never seems to fade; after 11 years Rivers still draws as many fans as ever to his diving mules. "I don't know what the fascination is," he says, "but you never hear someone say, oh, I saw that last year. They always come back. I don't know if they are waiting to see

continued

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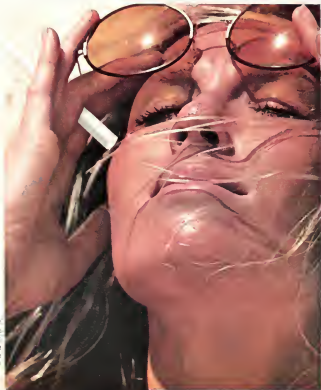
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the mules refuse to dive or to see them miss the pool. The act was a hit from the time we put it on. Promoters were just begging to have it."

It was in 1959 that Joe Tanenbaum of Gulfstream took Herb Kelly's advice and called Rivers, who was intrigued by the idea of racing assorted animals. Rivers was given a flat fee and put entirely on his own. All he had to do was show up three days before Derby Day with three reasonably unusual animals that would allow jockeys to sit on their backs for at least a moment or two. The first year Rivers arrived with Brahma bulls. One of the jockeys was Bill Hartack, who was unfazed when his bull jumped the infield fence. Hartack made the bull jump back and got off laughing. "But I almost died," says Tanenbaum. "A few years later Walter Blum got on a camel and the crazy thing bucked and jumped and almost put Blum into the lake. Right then, I said no more top jockeys. They weren't complaining, but the trainers sure were. The jockeys were all for it; they wanted to prove that they could ride anything."

Two years ago Tanenbaum decided he would like to have Canadian reindeer with Eskimo jockeys. He petitioned the Canadian government, which replied in a huff. "While our Eskimo people would enjoy participating in such a race and perhaps building an igloo, we believe that . . . they might not enhance their image . . . an image which has been abused over the years. It would be an anachronism to have an Eskimo ride a reindeer, for these animals were not native to our northern regions but were imported from Lapland. The Canadian Eskimo does not ride them, nor, we are told, does the Laplander."

Tanenbaum was hurt, but elected not to declare war on Canada. He really had wanted a hippopotamus race anyway, but Rivers had been able to turn up only one. So it was reindeer without Eskimos.

On the Friday before this year's Florida Derby the traditional post position drawing was held. Rivers was there with Louie, a cigar-smoking, beer-drinking chimp. In a flash of inspiration, Tanenbaum had announced that Louie would draw the positions. In the past, Gulfstream President Jimmy Donn Jr. had done the job. Just before the draw, Donn walked into the track's dining room,

continued

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braced Tanenbaum and said, "I understand I have been replaced by an ape. At first Tanenbaum thought he was kidding. Then he didn't. So he stepped to the microphone and said, "And here's Gulfstream President Jimmy Donn Jr. to draw the post positions."

Louie was miffed. So was Rivers.

Rain fell that night, leaving Gulfstream scrubbed and shiny for Derby Day. At exactly 11:45 Rivers wheeled his three bears onto the track. The jockeys—Maletto, Carmine Donofrio and John Beech Jr.—were there in their costumes, trying to ignore the taunts of the crowd. “The patrons were making some very unkind remarks about our attire,” says Beech. “You may say I retorted in kind, only under my breath.” It was Beech who drew Beulah, the one with claws and ideas of her own. On her first pass, as they were entering the starting gate, she nipped open the front of Beech’s jersey. Beech punched her in the mouth, puncturing his right thumb on a tooth. And then they were off. Beech grabbed two handfuls of fur and was rewarded with a bear-sized rrrrrrhhhhhhh! “He or she got plenty mad,” Beech said later. “There was big rumble that sounded like it was gonna turn into a roar. I figured I would be just a good mouthful so I let go. I pressed my hands down on her shoulders and she settled down.” Then Beech discovered the correct way to ride a small bear. You put your legs on the ground and run with it. By the time he crossed the wire a winner, Maletto had quit on Barney and was walking. Donofrio finished a distant but grateful second.

Then they offered Beulah the winner's purse: 100 pounds of honey in a giant orchid derby hat. She turned her nose up at it.

Upstairs in the press box, Tannenbaum watched with a satisfied look. "This year the Derby drew 28,520 fans. That's the largest horse-racing crowd of the Florida winter season. Not bad. But next year, Rivers promises that I'm finally going to get my huppo race."

Downsizers, Rivers was loading his bears into the trailer for a drive to Tampa, where they would be delivered to the Clyde Bros. Circus. "Next year," said Rivers, "Tanenbaum is going to get giant wild sheep called acoudads. What does he think hippos do, grow on trees? They cost \$4,000 and eat like elephants. Hippos, my foot." ■■■

In 1923, diphtheria choked the life out of thousands of children. They could have been saved.



Fifty years ago, many mothers were as frightened by the injection to prevent diphtheria, as the disease itself.

They weren't sure what the inoculation would do, except hurt. To many of them, tying a bag of garlic around a child's neck made more sense.

So they would not have their children immunized.

And children continued to die. When they could have been saved.

Then in 1923, Metropolitan

Life gave its agents a special assignment. To persuade mothers to get their children immunized. Whether their family was insured by Metropolitan Life or not.

So agents spoke to mothers in home after home.

And when words didn't work, a picture did. Agents carried with them snapshots of their own children being inoculated by a doctor.

In time, a diphtheria injection became as accepted as a

routine X-ray.

Since then, we've spread the word about vaccinations against smallpox, tetanus, whooping cough, polio, measles and now rubella.

So that today, mothers just read about diseases like diphtheria and smallpox, instead of watching their children die from them.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

The new Mrs. George Wallace drove the pace car at the Winston 500 a while back, and it seems the governor's mother, Mable, decided that she could at least kick off a rocking chair marathon. And she did, in Alexander City, Ala. Didn't actually do any rocking herself, mind you, because that is best left to the younger girls—like the winner and new champion, Mrs. Dale Denny. Mrs. Denny won by rocking for the nonrecord time of 79 hours, which did not even beat her runner-up time of 82 hours set a few years ago. Well, as Mrs. D. explained, "I was tired and had to rest up for a softball game."

French Canadian folk singer Tex Lear paid \$750 for a Doberman pincher to guard his \$450 guitar. And for all Tex knows, the dog really was guarding the guitar when it was stolen from Lear's car in Montreal. The thief also stole the Doberman.

And in Burlington, Iowa we have this arthritic cooker spaniel named Tippy. Tippy has been a beer drinker since he was a pup and he's 12 now. He is a one-cat-a-week dog, according to owner Mrs. Joan Littrell, who adds that "the only time Tippy has any pleasure in life is when he has some beer." Fine, except that after a friend, Russ Miller, poured Tippy his saucerful of suds a while ago, Tippy passed out—to the considerable indignation of some neighbors. They called the police, who hauled Miller into court on charges of cruelty to an animal. The judge dismissed the charges against Miller, observing that although he himself could not condone giving a dog beer, he didn't figure that Miller's doing so constituted cruel treatment.

As for Tippy, the word is that he was drinking on an empty stomach on a hot day, and

though what then happened shouldn't have happened to a dog, it did.

★ The gentleman bounding heavily over that bar is Josef Ertl, West Germany's Minister of Agriculture, who is, as you can see, a big butter and egg man. The little cartoon figure above him is Trimm, the mascot and symbol of a new \$2.8 million campaign to slim down the whole country. Trimm shows up all over the place, on TV, billboards—even on beer mats—urging Germans to "trim yourself through sport." The West German Sports Association has scheduled 4,000 trimming festivals, and Health Minister Kaete Strobel is distributing a booklet listing "100 tips for having fun outdoors and everywhere," which presumably means in-

doors, too. Best game in the booklet is called "Red Indians," which involves crawling stealthily for about 20 yards to the blindfolded "guard of the forest" and removing objects without being heard.

Furthermore . . . wait! Isn't that a hippopotamus crawling toward us through the grass over there? Uh, no. It's just Hans, slimming down. Or maybe Minister Ertl.

Touching Inscription of the Week is the one a Birmingham engraver carefully cut into a presentation tankard—a certainly touched Mrs. Yvonne Day. Mrs. Day lives in Balsall Common, England, and husband Fred is assistant manager of the Balsall Hornets, an under-15 soccer team. When the kids raised \$12 to buy a pewter tankard for the

man who organized an Irish tour for them, Mrs. D. took it to be inscribed, handing it over with a slip of paper. The engraver copied her message to the letter, which is why the tankard reads: "To Michael Congrave, in recognition for the tour of Ireland, Whitestone, 1971, Balsall Hornets. One bottle of white shoe cleaner, one pair of white laces for training shoes."

Next time Mrs. D. takes something to be inscribed, she plans to write her shopping list on a different piece of paper.

Police raiders moved in on the headquarters of a street gang in Buffalo some time ago and picked up a collection of fearsome weapons plus, of all things, six basketballs. But the lawmen are still not positive that they've got everything. And that's why **Lieut. Alfred F. McDonald** of the Tactical Patrol Unit made this week's Sporting Proposition. "I'll personally give a basketball to each youth who hands over a sawed-off shotgun."

The sharpest sport of them all is Irishman **Jim Fitzmaurice**. Jim has just set the alltime world record in the Lying-on-a-Bed-of-Nails—Outside-an-English-Pub division, a very tough game. Fitzmaurice, who also is an Irish wrestling champion, lay on that bed of nails outside the Wellington Hotel (we are not to be misled, our correspondent says, the Wellington Hotel is a pub) for six hours and 15 minutes. This record almost doubles the previous one held by **Bernard McCabe**, who lay in there, or on there, for three hours and 30 minutes outside the Admiral Nelson in 1967. In both cases, contestants in what our previously mentioned correspondent refers to as "this lunatic prize," raised money for charity. That's why this story was pretty easy to pin down.



THE RUM COLLINS.

IT'S A TOM COLLINS MADE WITH RUM. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



You've heard about the Tom Collins. And you've heard about the Vodka Collins.

Now hear us out about the White or Silver Rum Collins.

A Collins mix is simply a fragile blend of lemon juice, sugar and soda.

Everything depends on what you add to it.

You can thin out the taste of a Collins. Or, you can easily upstage it.

A Puerto Rican Rum has the good taste to share the limelight with a Collins mix.

Our rums are distilled at high proof, aged and filtered with charcoal. So, they have no bite or strong aroma.

And they're light, clear and dry so they never intrude on the flavor of the Collins.

If we've gone out of our way to make our rums just so—there's good reason.

We want you to taste both the rum and the Collins.

Instead of just the rum or the Collins.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

A free recipe book is yours for the asking.
White Rums of Puerto Rico, 460 Fifth Ave., NYC, NY 10019.



Cadillac.

Because you play to win.

You play to win, and that's fine with us. We've been doing the same thing for almost 70 years now. And we like to think that the reputation Cadillac enjoys around the world indicates the effort has not been in vain.

More important, we believe that a person committed to excellence and achievement is never going to be completely happy with a car until that car is a Cadillac. If that sounds a little like puffery, please consider a few pertinent facts.

First of all, it is surprising—even to longtime Cadillac admirers—how many items, offered at extra charge on some other cars, are standard equipment on a Cadillac. Power windows are standard. Dual power brakes, with disc brakes in front, are standard. Variable-ratio power steering that affords both easier parking and a superb feel of the road in straight-ahead driving is standard. Three-speed windshield wipers and washers are standard (together with a new "mist" position for single wiper action). Turbo Hydra-matic transmission is standard. Center armrest, standard. Electric clock, standard. Seven courtesy lights, standard. Remote-control side mirror, standard. Front bumper guards to lessen parking damage, standard. And on it goes.

And then there is the Cadillac engine, the biggest standard feature of them all. This 472-cubic-inch V-8 is a masterpiece of performance and efficiency. And yet it is designed to operate on regular gasoline as well as on the new no-lead and low-lead fuels that help reduce exhaust pollutants.

In all the world, there is no other car that can equal Cadillac in the number or in the excellence of its comforts and conveniences.

We have a lot of good reasons for suggesting that you see your Cadillac dealer soon. But it all comes down to this:

If you play to win, you belong in a Cadillac.

Cadillac is doing something about traffic safety, but some things only you can do.

Even if you're well-aware of Cadillac accomplishments, you might be surprised by the scope of our involvement in advancing the cause of safety.

Did you know, for instance, that Cadillac was the first to install safety glass in its cars? That was back in 1928. Or were you aware that it was Cadillac who introduced the triple braking system in 1952?

Today you can see evidence of the magnitude of our concern in our cars. The 1971 Cadillacs incorporate a host of recent safety developments. Including an energy absorbing steering column. Padded instrument panel. Safety steering wheel. Seat belts with pushbutton buckles for all passenger positions, plus shoulder belts for the driver and right front passenger. Front-seat head restraints. Passenger-guard door locks. Side-Guard steel beams in the doors. Four-way hazard warning flasher. And others, too numerous to mention.

And the work goes on. A massive research and development program testifies to the fact that we are committed to making Cadillacs as safe as human resources and modern technology can make them.

But all our efforts will not be enough, unless you do your share.

Here are five ways to help—five rules to live by:

- 1 Always use your seat and shoulder belts.
- 2 Make sure your car is in good running order—paying particular attention to headlights, tail-lights, turn signals, tires and brakes.
- 3 Never drive when you're tired or under the influence of alcohol.
- 4 Support driver training and uniform traffic codes and enforcement.
- 5 Drive defensively. Always assume the other person is going to do the wrong thing.

Please. Will you do your part?



Cadillac

The leader any way you look at it



Cadillac Motor Car Division

Calling the new girl is working up your nerve, working out your line,
then she says yes and everything's cool and you can relax and...

This...is the L&M moment.



The pressure's off.
Break out an L&M. Light up
and enjoy the rich, full flavor
that makes L&M right for you.
Right for now.

RICH, RICH L&M

10 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method. The "11"



Two young men, so fresh out of college that they still half-expected their dads to send them pocket money, made their professional baseball debuts last week as starting pitchers. Not in Peoria or Visalia, mind you, but in Chicago and Washington in the middle of the 1971 major league pennant race against people like Joe Torre and Carl Yastrzemski. As might be expected they did not break in with no-hitters.

The pitchers are the Cubs' Burt Hooton from the University of Texas (SI, May 31), who, in age-old phenom tradition, has a curve that breaks like it's "falling off a table," and the Senators' Pete Broberg from Dartmouth, whose fastball is described by a teammate as "severe uncontrolled heat."

Broberg, whose father was an All-America basketball player at Dartmouth in 1941, was signed for an estimated \$150,000, the fattest bonus ever paid by a Washington baseball club. And the first indications were that he had sold himself cheaply. He joined the team on a Western swing, and Bullpen Coach George Susce, who might be coaxed under close questioning to admit that Babe Ruth wasn't a bad hitter, took a look at him and threw out caution.

"I warmed up Herb Score and Mike Garcia when they came up and I'll put this guy right in with them," said Susce. Not only is he fast, but "he doesn't throw just a curve; it's a whip."

"Haven't seen anybody in the league faster," said Manager Ted Williams. "Wild, though. Hope he doesn't kill somebody. . . . Throws harder than any kid I've ever seen walk into a major league ball park. And I mean ever seen. Gotta hit that strike zone, though."

Broberg, who still has a year to go at Dartmouth, does not consider himself a scatterarm. He said he had weak infields backing him in college, so he was a strikeout pitcher, and "that way you have more 3-2 counts, more walks."

Hooton did not get quite the same grand buildup, but Chicago did give him uniform number 44. No Cub—please don't break into tears—since Phil Cavaretta has worn that number. Hooton was put on the active roster Monday and pitched batting practice the same day. His "knuckle curve" was so impressive that Cub teammate Ron Santo told him, "They're going to frisk you. They're going to think you're throwing a spitter."

They're out of their classes

"Hey, he's fast, too," said Manager Leo Durocher. "Sneaky fast."

Leo chortled when Ernie Banks took his turn in the batting cage and kept shaking off Hooton's signal for a curve. Then, mainly because Ferguson Jenkins and Milt Pappas were both out with viral infections, the rookie with a 35-3 college record was named to start against the visiting Cardinals on Thursday, quite a different matter from facing Baylor or Texas Christian. Hooton, however, remained calm all week.

"I'm just going to sit here and try to learn," Hooton said. "I've only got two pitches and I can't get by up here with those. Oh, maybe two or three innings I could."

Which was just about perfect forecasting. The Cubs prepared him by cautioning him to concentrate merely on throwing strikes and not to get cute or try to challenge the batters. Durocher figured Hooton would be nervous and wild enough even if he didn't try to hit the corners. He began nicely by striking out Lou Brock and making Manty Alou ground out to first. Then he started missing the corners and dropping the curve off the table and into the dirt. Hooton

survived the inning, though, and the Cubs got him a lead in their half, but Hooton blew it.

Joe Torre homered off him and Card Pitcher Steve Carlton hit two singles, the second one driving in two runs. It was a grounder that scooted straight toward Second Baseman Glenn Beckert, then hit some hidden springboard in the Wrigley infield and bounded right over his head. Hooton was yanked with the score tied 3-3 after one out in the fourth inning. He had two strikeouts but he had given up three runs and three hits and five walks.

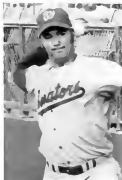
Broberg's turn came Sunday against the Boston Red Sox in D.C.'s RFK Stadium. Pitching in 98° of uncontrolled heat, he struck out seven, walked four, committed a balk and gave up just three ground-ball singles. The Red Sox were not digging in against him, especially after one of his blue balls hit the bill of George Scott's cap and sent it spinning 15 feet toward the stands. (The rookie did not pick up Scott's cap, but he did apologize.) He had made 96 pitches and was apparently tiring when Williams replaced him after one out in the seventh.

"He looked great," said Williams.

continued



HOOTON OF TEXAS STARTED FOR CUBS



DARTMOUTH'S BROBERG LEO SENATORS

Obviously neither Hooton nor Broberg should feel discouraged. Back in 1955 the Brooklyn Dodgers signed a big, strong basketball/baseball player out of the University of Cincinnati. For some time he was fortunate if his pitches so much as hit the backstop, but then Sandy Koufax settled down. Turned out all right, too.

THE WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

AL EAST

WHILE DETROIT and CLEVELAND had their differences (page 18), all was quiet in BOSTON. Since June 1, the Red Sox have won only six of 16, dropped six games behind rejuvenated BALTIMORE and made a prophet of Orioles Manager Earl Weaver. When the Red Sox led by four games, Weaver refused to panic. "Wait 'til June 16," he said. "By then we'll be four games on top." On June 16 the Orioles were four games in front. Boston Shortstop John Kennedy, who was 10 for 32 while filling in for slumping Luis Aparicio, was all that the only Red Sox having fun. Carl Yastrzemski had an anemic .224 batting average for June with only four RBIs. Pitcher Sonny Siebert, who was 9-0 heading into the month, lost four straight. "I just don't have that super feeling I had earlier," he said. Maybe the Orioles' Mike Cudlar has captured it himself. He beat the Yankees for his ninth win in a row, his 11th of the season and his eighth complete game. He is going so well that teammate Pat Dobson has taken to wearing his socks for luck—which is what he got in a 3-1 victory over NEW YORK. The winning margin came when Elie Hendricks' fly ball bounced off Bobby Muncie's glove and over the fence for a homer. WASHINGTON's Denny McLain was bombed out by Oakland, his seventh straight loss and 10th in his last 11 decisions. Said McLain, who now has given up 18 homers en route to a 4-12 record, "Nothing like this has ever happened to me before."

BAL 40-22 DET 37-29 BOS 28-29
CLE 36-34 NY 30-38 WBSH 23-32

AL WEST

The action on the field was less interesting than the grunting hostilities in the CALIFORNIA clubhouse. Would Owner Gene Autry, the old singing cowboy, elect to negotiate or shoot it out? Did Chico Ruiz really show the bomb to Alex Johnson? Hawkish stuff,

and just about balanced by the dovish Angels' affeld. Johnson did stir himself long enough to beat Kansas City with a homer, but the Angels were 2-3 for the week and withdrawing rapidly toward the cellar—a safer place, some said, than the clubhouse. On another front, MINNESOTA was assaulting first place. Led by Tony Oliva, the majors' hottest hitter, the Twins won six straight—including four one-runners. Typically, Oliva's homer in the ninth tied Chicago 1-1, a two-out single by George Mitterwald beat Chicago in the 10th. Says Oliva, who leads the league in batting (.383), homers (16) and hits (90), "Maybe this is just my year." Still, thanks mainly to Mike Epstein, the Twins did not gain on OAKLAND. Against his old Senators, Epstein hit four homers in a row—two in one game, two in the next. "I didn't get any special satisfaction," said Epstein, with a satisfied smile. KANSAS CITY, now known as "The Big Blue Bus"—that is what the team rode around in during spring training—rolled along on Dick Diago's second straight shutout. "We are getting better, aren't we?" asked CHICAGO Manager Chuck Tanner after a 6-5 loss to Detroit. Well, yes—or perhaps getting closer. The White Sox lost four one-run games for a season's total of 16. IN MILWAUKEE the big news was Ten-Cent Beer Night; one could purchase a 10-ounce cup of beer for only a dime. One chap bought 130 cups. He and his chums were out of their cups by the sixth inning and the Brewers lost 6-2 to Oakland.

OSK 44-22 KC 38-27 MINN 34-33
CAL 31-38 CHI 23-38 MIL 23-38

NL EAST

Those familiar with the life and times of Joe Peppone were eager to see what crazy stunt he would pull in June. It was in June 1969 that Peppone packed up his hair dryer and left the New York Yankees. It was in June 1970 that he pulled the same act with the Houston Astros. Well, in June 1971 the hair dryer is staying at home in CHICAGO. Peppone is hitting the baseball often and hard and, as a result, the Cubs are closing in on the division leaders. At week's end Peppone was hitting .350. Moreover, he had 31 hits in his last 70 at bats for a .442 average and a 19-game hitting streak (concerning 13 Cub victories). "In Yankee Stadium I went for the short foul lines," says Peppone, "but in Wrigley Field I'm a spray hater." Also a power hater. ST. LOUIS continued to lose games—15 out of 20 in June, worst record in the league. The Cardinal pitchers had only two complete games all month and Coach Vern Benson said of Coach Barney Schultz, "He's the only pitching coach who has to have calluses removed from his feet because he makes so many trips to the mound." PITTSBURGH maintained

its division lead but continued to fall behind in the All-Star Game voting, partly because the union ushers at Three Rivers Stadium refused to distribute the ballots. Even Willie Stargell, who has more homers (24) than the entire Houston team (21), is struggling to win an All-Star position. NEW YORK continued to hang in contention. Outfielder Mike Jorgensen, in his first start since being recalled from Tidewater, homered twice to help beat Los Angeles 7-2, while Gary Gentry stymied Philadelphia 2-0 with a two-out single. MONTREAL lost 11-3 to its Winnipeg farm but won both times on Canadian TV. PHILADELPHIA Manager Frank Lucchesi called a 15-inning, 6-5 loss to the Mets "the worst exhibition I've seen," which is impressive considering the exhibition Lucchesi has seen in Philly.

PIT 43-28 NY 37-28 ST. L 37-32
CHI 34-33 MONT 28-38 PHIL 28-39

NL WEST

AS SAN FRANCISCO continued to flitter away big early leads, everybody at home seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The Giant radio announcers ran a contest to name a good-luck charm—a walking toy that, hopefully, would help the team end its slump. And the Chronicle interviewed all sorts of psychologists and astrologists in an attempt to find the cure for the June swoon. All the Giants needed was a healthy dose of last-place SAN DIEGO. On Friday, Juan Marichal beat the Padres with his first complete game in four starts. And in a doubleheader, after San Diego scored five runs for a 9-5 lead, the Giants came back with five of their own in the ninth for a 10-9 win. San Francisco could not rest easy; LOS ANGELES was on the move. Even with Pitchers Claude Osteen and Bill Singer ailing, the Dodgers won seven of nine to pull within seven games of the lead. One reason for the surge was Pitcher Al Downing, a Yankee castoff who shut out the Mets 2-0 and now is 7-3. Another was Don Sutton, who gave up only one hit—Jimmy Wynn's double—in a 4-0 win over HOUSTON. Slipping ATLANTA came up with a momentary stopper in Phil Niekro, who knuckled his way to a 9-3 victory over CINCINNATI, which is finally beginning to make rumbling noises. First Baseman Lee May, the "Big Bopper" to Red fans, had a fine week. 12 hits, 14 RBIs and five homers. Pitcher Jim McGlothlin beat the Braves in his first complete game since last June 14, and young Don Gullett shut out the Cards 1-0 on four hits. In the eighth he got Matty Alou on strikes, with the tying run on third. "He went after Alou like Patton went through Africa," said Catcher Pat Corrales.

SF 45-25 LA 37-30 HOU 32-36
CH 31-37 STL 31-40 SD 33-45

Your wife's making Merrill Lynch bullish on certain retail stocks.

We think she's getting ready to go out and spend.

In fact, we expect a revival in consumer spending throughout the country. If we're right, we think certain retail stocks will continue to outperform the market.

Our analysts base a lot of their optimism on the buildup in savings. Consumers saved a record \$50 billion last year. With that as a cushion, we think consumers will start spending much more freely. For several reasons:

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Other bullish signs are the easing of credit and the downward trend in interest rates. They make it easier for people to buy the big-ticket items they put off buying during the recession.



Finally, there's the Federal Government acting to bolster the economy. That should help to shore up consumer confidence. And loosen purse strings.

But we don't think all retailers will benefit equally. Our analysts are most bullish on certain large and well-established mass merchandisers. The ones that have learned how to control costs. And turn higher sales into higher profits.

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This one was for James

UCLA won the collegiate title and dedicated it to an absent jumper

With three events to go in the NCAA track and field championships in Seattle last weekend, UCLA, red-eyed angry because its ace long jumper James McAlister had been declared ineligible by an insane NCAA ruling, was in sixth place, USC led with 41 points, then came Oregon, Brigham Young, Kansas and the University of Texas at El Paso. The Bruins followed with 24 points.

Then their mile-relay team won in 3:04.4 and they had 34 points. "No sweat," said John Smith, who had run a 45.1 third leg, two-tenths faster than his winning time in the 440 less than an hour before. From the pole vault runway, UCLA's François Tracanelli looked at the scoreboard, laughed and passed to Rice's Dave Roberts, the eventual winner, at 17' 3". Tracanelli had second place and its eight points in the bag. In the triple jump, UCLA had a lock on third and fourth and 10 more points. "I think," said Jim Bush, the Bruin coach and an admitted pessimist, "we have a chance." And he looked to the heavens as though expecting a thunderbolt forthwith.

"The only thing that can beat you now," a bystander said, "is another phone call from the NCAA."

Bush winced. "Don't say that," he said. "Don't even think it."

For UCLA, it had been a painful week. Less than two hours before the team bus left Los Angeles for Seattle, J. D. Morgan, the UCLA athletic director, told Bush, "McAlister has been declared ineligible."

"You've got to be kidding," said Bush. "I wish I were," said Morgan. "You'd better tell him."

Bush stood by the waiting bus. Except for McAlister, everyone was there. Then a few minutes before the bus was scheduled to leave, the freshman football-track star (53, May 17) arrived.

Bush told him there was some bad news.

"Oh, no," said McAlister.

Bad? It was heartbreaking. Just this past year the NCAA passed a rule that all prospective college athletes had to take a nationally supervised test on a nationally designated date. The tests were to determine if the athlete was qualified to carry a 1.6 average in college. In the past, more than one school had been known to run its own tests, do its own scoring and announce its own results. And more than one school had been suspected of passing an athlete because he could spell his name with fewer than three errors.

McAlister, a good student, took and passed the test. But he took it a few weeks late. Apparently, McAlister and two other testees had arrived for the test, but without authorization slips. Although their names were on the list, a testing officer refused to let them in. They went to their high school counselor, who gave them the slips and told them of a new test date, which was set up by the test administering body in Iowa. On that day, with

the same officer in charge, the trio took the test. McAlister alone passed. UCLA reported the circumstances to its conference, and for eight months no one said a word. McAlister took part in spring football practice; he competed in track.

"Then, last week the NCAA took action," said Bush. "James did nothing illegal, but someone pulled out a technicality and put on the pressure. They didn't hurt UCLA; they hurt no one but a fine, decent kid who has worked harder, was more dedicated than any athlete I've ever seen. It's cruel, and I can't say anything else without being nasty."

On that souring note, the UCLA team left Los Angeles. Behind, McAlister, in tears, put his right hand through a door panel. (It is hoped that UCLA will leave the hole in the door as a memorial to the absurdity of the NCAA. This is the same august body which previously ruled that California would have to forfeit its 1970 track and field championship because of a similar incident involving sprinter Isaac Curtis.)

"I don't know how this will affect



WELCH (RIGHT) NEVER GOT BATON TO COLLECT IN 440 RELAY HEAT, BEING JETTISONED

our kids," Bush said upon arriving in Seattle. "Right now they are determined to win the championship for James. But James could have won the long jump, and would have finished no worse than third. That's anywhere from six to 10 points we lose before we even start."

Minus his long-jump star, Bush added up his point potential and decided the Bruins could finish no better than one point behind crosstown rival USC.

"I can't give you any projected scores," said Trojan Coach Vern Wolfe in turn. "I can't tell you that much about the other teams, but I can sense a victory. A lot depends on our long jumper, Henry Hines. If he can put 10 points up on the boards early, it will ignite us."

Hines didn't ignite anyone. With one attempt left he led, but then Oregon's Bouncy Moore took the runaway. "Bouncy," Hines said, "you'll never heat me."

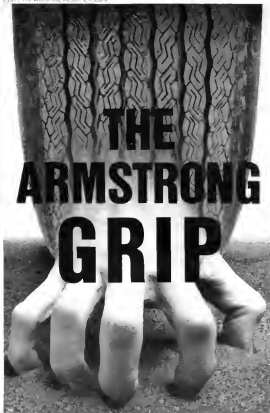
Hines was both a lousy prophet and a lousy psychologist. The inspired Moore jumped 25' 9 1/4" to beat Hines by 3 1/4". But most surprising of all, UCLA's Finn Bendisen finished third, giving the Bruins six points they didn't expect. "That lit our fire," said Bush.

"Well," Hines said, looking ahead, "if it isn't us, I don't mind UCLA winning the championship. I'd like to keep it in the family. In L.A., that big rivalry between us, that's between the coaches, the press and the alumni. On the track, sure, we're rivals. But off the track we go to the same parties, go out with the same girls, talk the same jive. I just don't want Villanova or Kentucky or Oregon to win it. If all those other people are mixed in it, man, that's like having raisins in your chocolate-chip cookie mix. And I don't want any raisins in my chocolate-chip cookies."

Later, someone told Villanova's Marty Liquori, who would win his third straight NCAA outdoor mile in a meet record 3:57.6, that he had been accused of many things, but never of being a raisin in a chocolate-chip cookie. "Aw, heck," said Liquori, "you can't tell about them raisins until you've tried them."

Hines' second place in the long jump wasn't USC's only setback on Friday. In the 100, Willie Deckard, tabbed by John Carlos as the next World's Fastest Human, got a bad start, stumbled 10 yards up the track and inexplicably pulled up to finish last. In extension, Deckard had been sidelined all week with

continued



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a combination of asthma and flu. UCLA had troubles of its own making, too. In a 440 relay heat Ronnie Welch was jostled in the passing zone, couldn't complete his handoff to Wayne Collett and the Bruins failed to qualify. This mishap probably cost them six points.

Early on Saturday, Brigham Young made a puss at the team title as Ralph Mann won the 440-yard intermediate hurdles in 49.6, the best time in the world this year. This gave the Cougars a total of 34 points, but they got only one more. "Nothing went right for us," said Mann. "Some of the guys we expected points from were injured, and that killed us. And that track, wow! It's called rubber asphalt, but I think they put in an awful lot more asphalt than rubber. If a strong headwind hadn't held me upright the last 100 yards, I don't think a guy named Ralph Mann would have won."

Be that as it may, the track didn't hurt Smith, who caught USC's Edsel Garrison in the last few strides of the quarter; Collett finished fourth, giving UCLA 14 more points. And, of course, the mile relay victory meant 10 more.

At the same time, USC was dying. Decker, everybody's favorite, got away slowly in his 220 heat, reached out and found nothing coming out of the curve and was eliminated. "I'm just plain tired," he sighed. "I just fell apart. I just couldn't get my knees up."

Across the way, USC's Joe Antanovich, who has thrown 206 feet in practice, was finishing sixth in the discus with 176' 2". He had been expected to do no worse than second. But the week before, while winding up some weight work, he ripped a ligament in his right thigh and couldn't walk until two days before the competition.

When Tracanelli came in second in the pole vault and Denny Rogers and James Butts went three-four in the triple jump, UCLA had a winning total of 52 points to USC's 41 and Oregon's 38. "I've been working for this team championship for four years," said Rogers, "but for the first three something always happened. We've always kidded about the gold-watch trip. We've finally made it. I just wish McAlister could have been here."

Then UCLA went into its yell huddle. Someone shouted from the center, "Let's hear it for McAlister."

"Hey," yelled Bush, "I want to hear that one loud and clear." He did. **END**



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One of the most hopeful words in sport, albeit one that tends to stick like a frog in the throats of nonrowing Americans, is the noun *repechage*. It derives from the French *repêcher*, which literally means re-fish but is more commonly used to denote rescue. In rowing it is the name of a heat which provides a second chance for boats that struck out the first time up.

Needless to say crews gaining the finals of a regatta by the *repechage* route are usually longshots. But rarely has there been a shot longer than Cornell's heavyweight eight when it went re-fishing in last Saturday's IRA at Syracuse, N.Y.—the collegiate championship—and possibly never such heartfelt jubilation at an IRA as when those red-shirted young men collapsed over their oars at the finish. Cornell's victory was the first by a *repechage* eight in the 76-year history of the event.

So weak was Cornell in the general estimation that only the Big Red's new coach, Todd Jesdale, gave the boat any chance. In one configuration or another—Jesdale had been shaking the boat up all season—it had been beaten by nearly everybody on the East Coast. It was rather a gallant gesture for the Big Red to show up at all, worth a tip of the cap if only in tribute to Cornell's once-dominant role in the IRA. The Big Red had won more championships than any other school, but all that was ancient history.

Cornell fishes out a big one at last

The experts preferred Washington, the defending champion and winner of the Western Sprints, an eight notable both for its ungainly starts and powerhouse finishes. They also liked Navy, the top Eastern crew of the year and loser of only one collegiate race—and that to Princeton in the season opener. And they found something to say for Penn, which had gained cohesion after a fitful season and had provided four men for the eight that won the American Henley Regatta on Lake George.

Except for Navy these rivals were in first-rate condition. Navy was tired. In what seems to have been a blunder, so far as his chances in the IRA were concerned, Coach Carl Ulrich had taken his crew to Europe for a taste of Continental rowing in the days just before. A plane foul-up brought Navy into Syracuse only a few hours prior to Thursday's

first heat. The crew had gone 23 hours without sleep.

Came those first preliminaries, which put winners directly into the finals, and Navy died, finishing third behind Penn and Brown. Washington won its heat, but poor Cornell did even worse than Navy, straggling in last in that same race. *Repechage* manfully the next day, Cornell defeated Dartmouth, Northeastern, Wisconsin and California. A worthy effort, yes, but surely nothing to perturb a Washington or a Penn: these were nonpowers all. Navy woke up and won its *repechage*, too; the Middies clearly had untapped resources of grit and stamina.

Saturday arrived steamy hot but with a gentle quartering wind to give the 12,000 spectators at Onondaga Lake some relief, and as the eights boiled away Washington wobbled off in a typically poor start. Penn and Cornell got away strongly. Only a matter of moments until the Big Red burns out, thought the experts. But, ah, at the 500-meter mark on the 2,000-meter course Cornell had a nice little lead, with Penn second and Rutgers (!) third. Just before the halfway point, where some slaphappy swimmers had paddled out to watch the boats sweep past, Cornell still had the lead, now by a full length, but Washington was beginning to make its move. The trouble was, Washington was making its move from a long way back in fourth place.

continued



CORNELL OARSMEN ARE JUBILANT AFTER SCORING A MOST UNLIKELY UPSET OF WASHINGTON AND NAVY IN THE IRA

Now all six crews began to sprint. Washington gave all the kick it had and caught boat after boat, but Cornell rowed with power and poise. The astounded spectators thus saw the Big Red defeat the Huskies by a solid quarter-boat length. At first even Cornell's stroke, David Wetherill, looked about in disbelief. It was the biggest rowing upset in many, many years.

Old oars will shuffle along countless banks in years to come, rehearsing the elements of victory. Todd Jesdale! As recently as a month ago he had plucked his varsity stroke from his third boat. David Wetherill! A farm boy from Downingtown, Pa. and at 175 pounds one of the lightest strokes in any big regatta.

Under Jesdale, Cornell had acquired a neat balance between Husky power and Penn smoothness. Jesdale is a former lightweight Cornell oarsman who never made it beyond the junior varsity boat, and though Cornell last won the IRA in 1963 he has inherited a con-

siderable rowing tradition. In its finest days—and some not so successful—the Big Red was coached by Harrison (Stork) Sanford, a man known for his wisdom, benevolence, teaching skill and the size of his shoes. The prospect of filling them when Sanford retired last year did not rattle Jesdale—either then or last week.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "my stroke knew we could win all along, and I did, too." He might have added that, had he spread this around before the IRA final, nobody would have believed him; Cornell had lost five of its last six races.

Like most rowing coaches nowadays, Jesdale teaches a relatively low rate of strokes, sacrificing "speed" for power. A new Stampfli shell also may have had something to do with Cornell's unlikely victory.

"We got a good start for a change," said Jesdale, manipulating a beer can he had been creasing for hours. "That's right," agreed Coxswain Jeffrey

Cornett, "and we made it stand up."

As Jesdale walked rather dazedly about the bouthouse, someone asked his age. He turned to his wife. "Let's see. I'm not sure, Honey, how old am I?" Mrs. Jesdale gave the question some thought. "I guess you're about 31," she finally said.

After the race a newspaperman said to Wetherill, "Dave, would you mind answering a few questions?"

"I don't know," replied Wetherill. "This is the first time a writer ever asked me any."

Trying a little repurchase of its own, the press learned that Wetherill is 25, has served in the Marines and is a student of agricultural science.

Some farmer. Some boat race.

Coxs Vic Michelson of Browa, whose eight finished fourth ahead of Rutgers and a Navy crew that had borrowed too heavily on its grit, came by to slap Jesdale on the back. "Sorry we couldn't all win," said Jesdale, sounding as if he did so every week. **END**



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The Pro Football Hall of Fame is not really surrounded by a giant bust but it contains Red Grange's ice songs.

Bats and Busts, Size-15 Sneakers and a Dead Bird

*The reliquaries known
as halls of fame are,
like Dairy Queens, a
ubiquitous American
institution, as the
author found after an
irreverent pilgrimage
covering 10,000 miles*

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

I might surprise even the pretzel vendors and newsboys outside on Manhattan's Seventh Avenue, but within the dim regions of the arena from which it takes its name there exists a modest little museum called the Madison Square Garden Hall of Fame. It is one of the sacred shrines of sport, and these, in turn, are as curious a collection of tourist attractions as ever presumed to amuse the populace. Known as halls of fame, they dwell themselves, with few exceptions, in deepest obscurity.

To illuminate the way to some of these holy places, and to offer my own devotions while at it, I started out at Madison Square Garden on the pilgrimage described in these pages. My journey ended a fortnight later in an empty field in New Jersey, a point 35 miles distant but one that took nearly 10,000 circuitous miles to reach. Along the way I stood amid thick woods in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, in a leafy park in Southern California, by the languid waters of Florida's Gold Coast. I read immutable words graven in marble, peered

down rows of bronze busts, fastened my gaze upon faded snapshots and epic murals alike. But now, against the chance that irreverences might unavoidably infiltrate this journal, a confession: I kept my head unbowed for fear of missing something.

There was enough to see. The sports world has its Lourdeses and Meccas literally by the hundreds, even if many of them, like the National Wheelchair Athletic Hall of Fame or the Roller Derby Hall of Fame, are not really halls at all, but only rolls of honored names that somebody unfurls now and again for updating, usually with a great show of ritual and rhetoric. Of the halls that exist as physical entities—the ones you actually can visit—your travel agent has probably heard of no more than a handful. Could you reasonably expect him to know that the Lacrosse Hall of Fame happens to be located on the campus of Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University? Or that there exists a Missouri Sports Hall of Fame, much less that it consists of a few framed pictures hung in the state capitol in Jefferson City?

Probably not, no more than he might know about the Madison Square Garden Hall of Fame. To visit it, I followed one of the great rivers of pedestrians that surge through the garment district, then took a tributary into the Garden's broad mall, where Muzak washes over the Niagara-like rumbling of trains in Pennsylvania Station below. There it was necessary to make my way through the thinning crowd—a trickle now—go up an escalator and pass through double doors to a desk where raven-haired Sonia Cabezas, one of the Garden's uniformed guides, looked up from her *New York Times* crossword puzzle and prettily bade me welcome.

The room was quiet, scaled off from the sounds of commerce beyond its wood-paneled walls. Other than Miss Cabezas, it was empty, which might be taken as a bad omen. While attendance—50,000 last year—exceeded that of many other halls of fame, the economics of space in Manhattan was such that the Garden had briefly considered converting the 3-year-old shrine into a bar. Actually, the problem was said to be twofold: not only did too few *continued*



people visit the place, but those who did often found the pleasures received did not equal in value the \$1 admission charge.

"Visitors are occasionally disappointed," Miss Cabezas acknowledged. "They say things like, 'Gee, I thought there'd be more to it than this.' And I tell them, 'What do you expect, basketball players standing around signing autographs?'" It was a fair enough question, although as museums go, this one did seem rather barren. There was a handsome statue of Joe Gans, the old lightweight champion, and exhibits on the history of the Garden were well done. But the Hall of Fame was deficient in the kind of relics usually exhibited at such shrines, these ordinary implements of sport that, because they enjoy some connection with revered figures, take on pety by association.

These relics posed a test of faith: it was necessary to accept on trust, for example, that a spangled jacket on display had actually been worn by ice skating's Roy Shipstead, although it was somewhat easier to credit as authentic the basketball shoes—they were size 15—said to have been worn by Wilt Chamberlain. Such items being few, it is more rewarding to explore the Garden's choice of immortals, which is the term halls of fame customarily apply to their inducted members, the deceased as well as the living.

The Garden honors 88 such personages, their names etched on silver tablets handed down from some private Sinai. One bears the names of Don Budge and Bill Tilden, both of whom are also enshrined—can one be twice immortal?—in the National Lawn Tennis Hall of Fame in Newport. Another tablet lists such masters of the ring as Jack Dempsey and Sugar Ray Robinson, who are also honored in the World Boxing Hall of Fame, located in the offices of *Ring* magazine above a taxidermist's shop a block away. Gene Autry, star of many a Garden rodeo before he lassoed the California Angels, is included in the pantheon, too, although he is also a member of the Country Music Hall of Fame in Nashville and a cinch for eventual election to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City, which accepts only those who have gone to the great bunkhouse in the sky. Let nobody think that only sport honors its heroes.

Perhaps it was merely impatience to

get onto the next shrine, the Hall of Fame of the Trotter in nearby Goshen, N.Y., but just 20 minutes was needed to tour the Garden Hall of Fame, and that included an eight-minute film of fragmentary highlights from the Garden's past—a snippet of a Tilden serve, an eyeblink's worth of a Louis hook and so on. This, admittedly, was somewhat less than the time required by one middle-aged woman who has visited the Garden shrine on several occasions, compelled perhaps by the same kind of nostalgia that moves audiences to pay \$15 a seat to see *No, No, Nanette* a few blocks uptown. "She sits through that movie eight or nine times," Miss Cabezas said. "Then she comes out all teary-eyed. The first time it happened, she told us her father had just died. She said he used to take her to the Garden when she was a child."

If the Madison Square Garden hall can conjure up lost youth, the one at Goshen recalls an entire misplaced era, one in which the sulky was king. The Tudor-style building, a converted stable opening onto Goshen's Historic Track, faces Main Street, and from his second-story office in what used to be the hayloft, Phil Pines, the director, likes to watch visitors arriving out front. The usual picture he beholds is a 12-year-old girl bolting from the car even before it stops, with the rest of the family trudging behind, but what he might have seen this particular morning was this solitary pilgrim pulling up in an Avis rental car.

"Here's a letter from one of those 12-year-old girls," Pines was observing a few minutes later, holding up a sheet of blue stationery. "They all say, 'Please send me everything there is to know about trotting horses.' Everything? Can you imagine?" Despite his feigned irritation, Pines tries to oblige such requests, although visiting the Goshen shrine is certainly a more pleasant way to get information. Using horse stalls for display space, the museum handsomely houses such relics as a harness worn by Lou Dillon, the first two-minute trotter and one of 157 immortals—roughly half of them horses—enshrined in the hall.

Pines takes pride in the fact that his Hall of Fame is chartered as an educational institution. One-third of its 35,000 yearly visitors are schoolchildren, and the museum employs a full-time educational director who leads them in

playing "Pin the Tail on the Pacer" or singing *The Old Gray Mare*. Subsidized by harness-racing patrons as a showcase for the sport—admission is free—the Hall of Fame aims, Pines said, to "explain trotting as it relates to American history and to build interest in the sport." Did this mean that he hoped to turn those innocent schoolchildren into horseplayers?

If Pines was discomfited by so sly a question, he never let on. "We're trying to make them *educated* horseplayers," he replied.

Before I left, Pines alerted me to a shrine I had not heard about, the National Speed Skating Hall of Fame, just 15 miles away in the old Hudson River town of Newburgh, N.Y. A short time later I was on Broadway, Newburgh's wide and joyless main street, where the chamber of commerce office had available a mimeographed list of tourist attractions. It included such nearby points of interest as West Point and Hyde Park and went so far as to mention branch libraries, but there was no reference to any hall of fame. This was quite an oversight, since the speed-skating shrine was located above the bank across the street.

The omission became more understandable a few minutes later. To visit the shrine, one must contact Joe Monihan of the sponsoring Newburgh Lions Club, a bow-tied man in his 80s who is chairman of the club's hall of fame committee. Monihan led me beneath a pressed-tin ceiling up three flights of narrow stairway and, after fumbling for the key, into what was once the city room of the *Newburgh Daily News*. The room was in disarray. Display cases were caked with dust. Signs were toppled over, and one listing the Hall of Fame's inductees had not had an entry for at least two years. Through a bare window, a shaft of sunlight shone on a dead blackbird that lay on the scarred floor as if it were the hall's prize exhibit.

Monihan regarded the bird a moment, slowly encircling it as he did. Then he concluded with a chuckle: "Well, he must have got in without permission."

The clutter also included a stack of books on museum care, evidence of the high ambitions that reigned a decade ago when the Amateur Skating Union of the U.S. selected Newburgh, home of such speed-skating greats as the 19th century champion Joe Donoghue, as the site of its Hall of Fame. But time has

brought change. Along the river where Donoghue once flashed across the ice, stores like *Smiling Willie's Snack Bar* now stand abandoned, their gutted shells waiting for urban renewal, and such are the vagaries of civic sentiment that Joe's 100th birthday passed last Feb. 11 without public notice.

The Lions, hopeful that the Hall of Fame will one day be incorporated into a proposed winter-sports center, keep it alive, if barely, out of what the club's president, Dan Leo, calls "a sense of stewardship." Means hire, all visitors to the shrine are asked to sign a guest book. A similar practice at the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., my next destination, would have produced 197,000 signatures last year, but traffic was somewhat leaner at Newburgh. The guest book listed 14 visitors for all of 1970.

Cooperstown is the best known and

Cooperstown's maple-lined Main Street.

It is difficult to imagine a more appropriate site for the national game's shrine than Cooperstown, a village of 2,500 residents and almost unbearable Farly American charm. Overlooking Lake Otsego—Glimmerglass in the Leatherstocking Tales of James Fenimore Cooper, whose father founded the village in 1786—Cooperstown boasts several other museums as well, including the New York State Historical Association. Situated next to Danny's Buy-Rite Grocery, the baseball shrine maintains a low profile, its Federal-style facade indistinguishable from the banks and post office that are its neighbors on Main Street.

To judge by the way people flock to the Hall of Fame, the chance to peer into Joe DiMaggio's locker or listen to Babe Ruth's recorded voice outweighs the fact that Cooperstown is fairly remote, accessible over back roads dotted

the new section should at least spread the secret that baseball ever excluded blacks to start with, for the only hint of this I came across was a cryptic line on Branch Rickey's bronze plaque. It read BROUGHT JACKIE ROBINSON TO BROOKLYN IN 1947, which by itself could lead one to suppose that Rickey was a New York cab driver, and an uncommonly obliging one at that.

But controversy means publicity, and Cooperstown is the only sports shrine able to live solely on admissions—\$1.50 for adults—unless somebody cares to quibble that the goodwill engendered by the annual major league exhibition game at nearby Abner Doubleday Field constitutes a subsidy. Doubleday was the man long credited with having invented baseball in Cooperstown, and the subsequent discovery that the game was really invented by Alexander Cartwright in Hoboken, N.J. poses no problem for Ken Smith, the ex-New York sports-writer who is the Hall of Fame's director. "We call this the *home* of baseball," Smith advises. "We don't say baseball was actually invented here."

Smith is an apple-cheeked man with tufts of white hair flanking a bald pate like batsmen on either side of home plate. While we visited in his second-floor office, he sat at his cluttered desk, occasionally singing to himself, "It happened in Monterrey a long time ago . . ." little caring that Monterrey was in the old outlaw Mexican League, which does not even merit a separate section. Smith said that much of his time is spent answering requests for information from people starting new halls of fame, and he showed me a folder bulging with inquiries from such groups as the American Watersports Association, which had recently organized a Water Utility Hall of Fame.

"They all write to us—we're the Metropolitan Museum of halls of fame," Smith said, using a metaphor that might have gone unchallenged were it not for the next stop on my journey. This was Saratoga Springs, N.Y., home of the National Museum of Racing, a shrine resembling the Hall of Fame of the Trotter at Goshen in a couple of important respects; it stands adjacent to a historic track, in this case the old thoroughbred course beyond the Citgo station on Union Avenue, and it has horses among its immortals—including *Man o' War*, *Seabiscuit* and *Citation*—although any

continued



In addition to a display of silks, the National Museum of Racing sells perfumed moccasins.

probably most solvent (and therefore holiest) of all halls of fame, although another shrine, not a sports one, is older. That would be the 70-year-old Hall of Fame for Great Americans, an open-air colonnade on the Bronx campus of New York University that restricts membership to candidates dead for 25 years, a rule that has the virtue of discouraging active lobbying. Its 95 members include a dozen Presidents and literary figures aplenty (among them Longfellow, Poe and Irving), but not an athlete in the lot. It is an oversight for which the sports world has compensated with a vengeance, starting with that glorious June day in 1939 when the Baseball Hall of Fame was dedicated on

by quaintly named hostilities like the Shangi La Motel and Sleepy Hollow Cottages. There is another way to get to Cooperstown, of course, and that is to hit 500 home runs, win 350 games or perform similar baseball heroics. So far only 118 have traveled this route, a select company inducted into Cooperstown's high-ceilinged hall with the solemnity of slain warriors received into Valhalla.

It has become ritual among baseball writers to noisily second-guess Cooperstown's selections, a clamor that reached a crescendo last February when Satchel Paige either was, or was not, elected, depending on one's view of the separate section newly established to honor greats of the old Negro leagues. If nothing else,

thought that animals in general therefore enjoy favor is quickly dispelled by the NO DOGS PLEASE sign on the front door.

That last prohibition, it turns out, is intended to protect the museum's antique furniture, much of it salvaged from the elegant hotels that flourished in Saratoga Springs when the town was a summer retreat for New York's fashionable rich. Saratoga Springs' grand frame houses are now banquets for termites, but it still has a spa or two in operation and its race meeting every August continues to occupy a prominent place on the sport's calendar.

The museum reflects past glories both of Saratoga Springs and the sport of kings. It abounds in silver trays and gold cups, not to mention a collection of paintings topped off by two dozen oils by the 19th century equestrian artist Edward Troye. There is also a wing containing portraits of such "patrons of the turf" as the handicapper John Banks Campbell, whose likeness is accompanied by the gently worded inscription: "Racing was the better for his having been part of it." Unfortunately, the floors of that wing had been waxed earlier in the day, so the only way I could inspect it was to wait until Sidney (Sis) Veitch, the custodian, had departed for lunch, the *Morning Telegraph* tucked under his arm, and then steal on tiptoe past a barricade he had put up.

The wing, like the rest of the museum, was immaculate, and after lunch I tried to make up for my sneakiness by complimenting Veitch on his care. "I want to keep it nice—that's what they pay me for," he replied. A slight figure with an Adam's apple protruding over his flannel shirt, the 67-year-old Veitch said he hired on with the museum after it opened in 1955 as a way of staying close to the sport that had been his life. His father was Silas (Si) Veitch, a well-known steeplechase jockey of half a century ago, and he himself rode jumping horses for many years, but he considers his custodian's job not a comedown but "a lucky break."

One part of the museum that receives Veitch's careful attention is the Hall of Fame, an austere room with plaques listing the 121 honored jockeys, trainers and horses. I asked Veitch what goes through his mind when he goes into the Hall of Fame to clean up.

He misunderstood the question. "Oh, no," he said. "I rode my share of win-

ners, but I'll never be in the Hall of Fame."

The elegance that otherwise characterizes the Saratoga shrine is at odds with the blatantly commercial souvenirs it stoops to sell, including perfumed horse manure at \$1.25 the bag. But Saratoga's selection of souvenirs pales next to the medallions, tie clasps, ashtrays, pensants and color slides I found on sale the next day at the Naismith Memorial Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Mass. If the souvenir stand there has a breathlessness about it, so does the rest of the basketball shrine, which has set for itself the formidable task of covering the game on all levels—professional, college, AAU, even high school. There are the usual relics, such as a hunk of wood from the Armory YMCA where James Naismith invented basketball in 1891, and the walls are practically papered with group photos of basketball teams.

Located on the campus of Springfield College, the rectilinear and airless building looks from the outside like an arsenal, as if to symbolize Springfield's historic role as producer of small arms for the U.S. military. Actually, the simple design was an economy move that enabled Springfield civic leaders, who had inherited the project from the National Association of Basketball Coaches, to complete the building in 1967. That was six years after a foundation had been laid and then abandoned, leaving a gaping excavation that one local newspaper called "the hole of shame."

To compensate for a meager annual attendance of 20,000, the Hall of Fame not only peddles souvenirs but also prominently displays brochures offering visitors low-cost group life insurance, with an appeal to name the Hall of Fame the beneficiary. Its director, Lee Williams, who once coached basketball at Colby College, is confident that attendance will pick up, and he is enthusiastic about his shrine's hall of illuminated stained-glass windows, one for each of its 76 immortals. "It's awesome, isn't it?" he asked after I toured the hall. "When people get in there, they start to whisper. It's kind of a mood thing."

Williams is the Hall of Fame's curator, archivist, fund-raiser and publicity man all rolled into one, and I spied a letter on his desk that indicated another of the many tasks he performs. Addressed to a Montana State College basketball

star of the 1930s, the envelope read: Cat Thompson, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

"Oh, that?" Williams said. "I send birthday cards to all our living members. Just a custom I started." To the outsider, it seemed an inspired touch, one calculated to bring pleasure to members of the Basketball Hall of Fame, even as it brings profit to the sponsor of TV's Hallmark Hall of Fame.

Any doubts that halls of fame were peculiarly an American phenomenon disappeared after my arrival at the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio. It is true that Europe honors its heroes with great tombs and statuary, and also that Chaucer, himself an old hand at pilgrimages, wrote a poem in which he was transported by an eagle to an imaginary House of Fame. But modern-day shrines? The Hockey Hall of Fame in Toronto is just another outcropping of American culture in Canada—indeed, it could easily be confused with the U.S. Hockey Hall of Fame in Eveleth, Minn.—while Japan's long-established Baseball Hall of Fame, consistent though it is with the Shinto practice of ancestor worship, was openly modeled on Cooperstown.

Leave it to Americans to confer immortality by ballot, and then to dress up the process with the kind of can-do boosterism that runs rampant in Canton. The Pro Football Hall of Fame holds its induction ceremonies during "football's greatest weekend," an occasion, co-sponsored by the chamber of commerce, that includes a parade with floats and beauty queens, a \$25-a-plate dinner for 900 and, finally, an NFL exhibition game at adjacent 19,000-seat Fawcett Stadium.

The Football Hall of Fame has the smell about it of crisp greenbacks and newly minted coin, an odor redolent of a huge infusion of capital—\$800,000 from the promotion-minded NFL, another \$500,000 from Canton industry—that has enabled it to patiently build its attendance following uncertain beginnings. Last year it drew 122,000, and it expects to reach the break-even point—roughly 160,000—this year. Clearly riding a wave, it continues to defer to Cooperstown as the No. 1 shrine, but it is the slightly grudging deference that the nouveau riche pay to established families whose time has passed.

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continued

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FAME *continued*

says Don Smith, whose position, that of full-time publicity man, is one that few other shrines can afford. Smith prepares spot plugs for the Hall of Fame that are aired during televised NFL games, and he keeps the Canton date-line in the public eye by disseminating press releases to a mailing list of 950. Showing me through the shrine, a futuristic building crowned by a conical dome shaped like a football (although this was realized only upon completion), Smith called my attention to Red Grange's ice tongs, then showed me a mound of earth, pebbles and all, dug out of the home field of the old Canton Bulldogs. Maybe it was because Canton is the home of Hoover vacuum cleaners, but this last was balanced by a display of AstroTurf.

It is a common figure of speech that somebody has earned a niche in the Hall of Fame, but Canton literally does have niches—individual spaces, each with bronze bust and portrait, for all 63 of its immortals. It was largely because of the space devoted to these niches that this past spring, just eight years after the Hall of Fame opened, a \$625,000 wing was added. "Of course, we can't build a new wing every eight years," Smith admitted. "We'll have to reevaluate the situation." It was a welcome assurance, for one had the nightmarish vision of the Pro Football Hall of Fame, its hunger for expansion fed by NFL dollars, eventually stretching to Ishpeming, Mich., home of the National Ski Hall of Fame.

It is best to visit Ishpeming in summer because, and here you are asked to contain your mirth (just as you do when you think of something funny in church), the Ski Hall of Fame is closed in winter. Ray Levertson, the part-time caretaker, will be happy to show you around by appointment almost any time, but the Hall of Fame gets most of its 3,000 annual visitors in July and August, when the Upper Peninsula comes alive with fishermen. In winter life is far quieter as Ishpeming's 8,000 residents, a decline from the 10,000-plus who lived there before the area's underground iron mines began closing down, exchange Finnish jokes ("Hear the one about the Finlander who tried to build a basement on his ice-fishing shack?") and work their snow into 10-foot banks that give Ishpeming the appearance of a walled city.

Ishpeming's Suicide Hill is one of the nation's oldest ski jumps, and it was in

Ispheming in 1904 that the U.S. Ski Association, now based in Denver, was born. But the town's development as a commercial ski center has lagged behind such Michigan locales as Ironwood and Boyne Mountain and tourist traffic does not justify keeping the Ski Hall of Fame open in the winter on the \$10,000 budget provided by the distant ski association. The wonder is that the shrine is as presentable as it is, a snowflake-clean building with the knotty-pine coziness of a lodge hall. That exhibits tend toward bulletin boards covered with yellowing clippings from the local *Miner Journal* adds to the rustic flavor, as does the fact that Gretchen Fraser's name on the hall's scroll of 123 immortals comes out "Gretchen Frazer."

The sponsoring U.S. Ski Association and Ispheming civic leaders accuse each other of failing to properly promote the shrine. At one point Leverton stopped by the office of Charles (Bob) Markert, who welcomes visitors to Ispheming as executive vice-president of the local chamber of commerce even while he helps them leave as manager of a travel agency. Greeting Leverton, Markert cried: "Hey, somebody came by the other day and asked when the Hall of Fame was open, and you know, I couldn't even tell them."

"Well, there's a sign on the door," Leverton replied.

"That's two miles away," Markert scolded. "I sure can't see it from here."

Markert's travel agency might have chartered a different itinerary, but I wound up next in the Lower Peninsula city of Kalamazoo, home of fast-growing Western Michigan University, whose chronic classroom shortage did not prevent it from converting a large room into a home for the National Collegiate Baseball Coaches Hall of Fame. The shrine ended up at Western only after both Auerst and Williams, opponents in the first college baseball game in 1859, told the sponsoring National Collegiate Baseball Coaches Association they were not interested. The Michigan school was happy to step in; it is a perennial baseball power and played host to the first College World Series in 1947.

The Kalamazoo shrine is not among the biggest, what follows being a more or less complete catalog of relics displayed: six or seven baseballs, a few team photographs, two old bats, a gilded glove, a coin tossed before that first Col-

lege World Series. As for immortals, these consist of 39 baseball coaches, each honored by a plaque on the wall. According to Bob Culp, Western's athletic business manager, it is not unusual for an enshrined coach to travel 2,000 miles or more to view his plaque in Kalamazoo. "Most of them are very moved," Culp told me. Of course, what they see is not altogether new to their eyes. Culp said that upon selection into the Hall of Fame, every coach was given a duplicate plaque for his home or office.

My next destination was a shrine called the Hall of Champions in San Diego, which is practically virgin territory for halls of fame. Most American games took root in the East, and it is at the Cooperstowns, Springfields and other so-called cradles of sport that their shrines are found. Few sports have their national shrines in the West, an exception being the National Softball Hall of Fame, which, along with the Amateur Softball Association of America, moved from Newark to Oklahoma City seven years ago. More typical are such local operations as the Pepsi-Cola-sponsored Arizona Basketball Hall of Fame or the Coke-backed Arizona Football Hall of Fame, both of which get by without buildings but hold induction dinners washed down, we may be sure, by something cool and carbonated.

But occasionally one finds a shrine in the Western U.S. exemplifying the same spirit that built Hoover Dam. It is only a rumor that a shrine honoring the ladies of the Barbary Coast pleasure palaces—a Hall of Ill Fame—will open soon in San Francisco, but Los Angeles' remarkable Helms Athletic Foundation still exists, delivered last year from the brink of bankruptcy by United Savings and Loan. Now known as the United Savings-Helms Athletic Foundation, it recently moved into the savings-and-loan company's headquarters. It must have been some move, for the awards-happy foundation—it has given out 100,000 trophies, scrolls and medals over the years—consists of two dozen shrines under one roof, including the Helms Soaring Hall of Fame (the Wright Brothers are members) and the Helms Fencing Hall of Fame (D'Artagnan is not), plus separate halls for volleyball, weight lifting and college athletic trainers.

In its own way, San Diego's Hall of Champions is every bit as ambitious as

Helms, for it apparently expects its members to be not just immortals but saints, too. Thus it was that the San Diego shrine once delayed induction of native son Don Larsen a full year because of his reputation as one of baseball's most practiced playboys. At least, so said Leo Calland, the Hall of Champions' long-time manager, who explained: "We expect our members to come in with a clean shirt."

The requirement of a clean shirt is understandable when you realize that Bob Breitbard, owner of the San Diego Rockets and the man behind the Hall of Champions, made his money in his family's laundry business. Inspired by Helms in Los Angeles, he and three brothers started the Breitbard Foundation in 1946 as a way of honoring San Diego athletes, and honor them they certainly have. Billy Casper alone having received the foundation's star-of-the-month award 24 times. As a show case for the foundation, Breitbard opened the Hall of Champions a decade ago in an abandoned stucco building in San Diego's Balboa Park, a 1,400-acre wonderland of lily ponds and mission bells that also contains the famed San Diego Zoo.

Benefiting from traffic generated by the park's other attractions, the Hall of Champions drew 153,000 last year. Its 32 immortals, far removed from the high school athletic directors or Little League stars you might expect, include the likes of Casper, Florence Chadwick (whose induction helped compensate for the time San Diegans gave her a Chevrolet with payments due on it), Ted Williams and Archie Moore. Then there is Larsen, whose year in limbo ended with his inevitable induction in 1964—inevitable because mementos from his perfect game in the 1956 World Series, including his silver-plated shoes and glove, are the museum's most cherished relics.

I left San Diego marveling that anybody could pick a perfect game in silver-plated shoes and glove and glad that the man who accomplished this feat had been duly enshrined. Of course, San Diego is not alone in insisting on morality, for one can search all the halls of fame in vain for any hint that Grover Alexander ever tasted of the vine or that Jim Brown was interested in any earthly pleasure other than grinding out yet another first down. Where the ancients built temples to their gods and gave them human attributes, the current practice

continued

FAME continued

is to honor humans by making them god-like. And in no instance has the apotheosis been quicker or more complete than with Stan Musial in St. Louis, where I stopped on my return east.

There is a large modern statue of Musial outside Busch Memorial Stadium, but homage is even more fulsomely paid him in the St. Louis Sports Hall of Fame located inside. Actually, it is not a true hall of fame—nobody is inducted or anything—so much as it is, simply, a sports museum. Or perhaps it should be called a baseball museum, since little space is devoted to other sports, not even to football, which is played in Busch Stadium, too. But the place really is, finally, a Stan Musial museum, a showcase for memorabilia, on loan from the ex-Cardinal star himself, of the kind that his admirers can also find in Cooperstown and in his St. Louis restaurant, Stan and Biggie's.

There is apparently no shortage of Musialiana in the world, the collection at the St. Louis Sports Hall of Fame including a dazzling array of gold watches and pen and pencil sets; keys to cities from Des Moines to New York; a fan letter from Lyndon Johnson ("America gives you its heart"), plus such odds and ends as the baseball Musial hit for his first home run and, before that, a Donora (Pa.) high school yearbook picturing him as a youthful basketball star.

More than merely honoring Musial, the museum was also supposed to make money for the Civic Center Redevelopment Corporation, which built Busch Stadium five years ago as part of an effort—one symbolized by the soaring Gateway Arch a few blocks away—to revitalize the city's shabby downtown area. The Hall of Fame's contribution to that goal has been singularly modest; instead of making money, its annual attendance of 60,000 is a break-even figure at best. It is assumed that Musial would never back out of the museum and ask for his relics back—he is on the advisory board—but the reverse is not so certain. Officials of Civic Center Redevelopment said they were considering converting their Hall of Fame

into a bar. Yet even if that happens, pilgrims might still find it inspirational to visit Busch Stadium. There is always Musial's statue outside.

"We're struggling to keep our heads above water," said William (Buck) Dawson, the same statement might have been heard at many of the shrines visited, but what made it more appropriate in Dawson's case is that he is director of the International Swimming Hall of Fame, which occupies a splendid white-stucco building in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Dawson is forever using aqueous figures of speech; e.g., when he complains about the proliferation of halls of fame, he spouts, "I don't want the whole thing to get watered down."

There are an Aquatic Hall of Fame of Canada and a Pennsylvania Swimming Hall of Fame, but Dawson might have in mind some terrestrial shrines, too. We already know that Florence Chadwick, one of 104 immortals enshrined in Fort Lauderdale (and a member of the Marathon Swimming Hall of Fame), is similarly honored by the San Diego

ed (as he might put it) the Swimming Hall of Fame with exhibits not only on swimming but water polo, scuba diving, canoeing, seashells—almost anything to do with water. However, annual attendance is less than 20,000 and water, ironically, is partly to blame: a block away Fort Lauderdale's public beaches beckon. This constitutes enough of a distraction so that Dawson himself sometimes picks his secretary and folding chairs off to the beach for an afternoon's work under the sun.

One occasional visitor to the Hall of Fame is Johnny Weissmuller, who makes his home in Fort Lauderdale and serves as the shrine's honorary chairman. Never mind that a room identified by a sign as his office is really a storage closet. Resourceful in many ways, Dawson makes the Hall of Fame available as national headquarters for both the Swim Facility Operators Association and the American Swim Coaches Association, and he has brought several national swim meets to the Olympic-size municipal pool next door.

"We're finding as many uses for the Hall of Fame as we can," Dawson says. "We want people to know we're here." During my visit, the Swimming Hall of Fame was put to one use that seemed to carry the idea of a shrine to its logical conclusion: a Sunday-afternoon prayer meeting that Dawson allowed to be held on the Hall of Fame's lawn. On the Sunday before, similar religious services had to compete with preliminaries of the Miss Fort Lauderdale pageant, which were also being held

on the lawn. Today, however, there were no such distractions, only the sight of yachts silently plying the Intracoastal Waterway in the distance.

There were six worshippers in all, gathered in fellowship to sing the praises of the Lord and to listen as a preacher, appropriately dressed in an aqua-colored suit, inveighed against the waywardness of "a lost and dying generation." They also heard the testimony of a slender blond youth with a guitar. "I used to be a worldly entertainer," he said in a faraway voice. "I thought all there was to life was making a bundle of money



The Swimming Hall of Fame offers its facilities for plunging into prayer.

Hall of Champions, and she is a logical choice for the International Women's Hall of Fame in the World of Sports, a shrine sponsored by a Cleveland theatrical agent whose previous promotions include the Miss Outer Space pageant. Even at that, she would have nothing on Jim Thorpe, who is consecrated at Canton, a couple of Helms halls and, among others, in a shrine in Anadarko, Okla. that calls itself, with splendid redundancy, the National Hall of Fame for Famous American Indians.

Dawson, a high-spirited man in a Moshe Dayan-style eye patch, has flood-

continued

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FAME *continued*

and having me a big car. But not too long ago, the Lord spoke to me. Now I know that's not where it's at." He paused and added softly, "Jesus is where it's at." Then he took up his guitar and led everybody in a hymn.


What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear. . . .

As the worshippers let their spirits soar in song, one could only wonder: was there some similar yearning, some like hunger of the soul, that could explain these halls of fame? How else account for the fact that the PGA, until now content with operating its 31-year-old Golf Hall of Fame without a home, has a committee considering the creation of a museum to go with it? Or that soccer, whose history in this country has been less than glorious, has two rival groups seeking to build a national shrine? Or that a Pittsburgh firm named Joel Platt has offered his personal collection of sports memorabilia—including 20,000 autographed pictures and 15,000 programs and scorecards—as a ready-made hall of fame to any "interested and dedicated benefactor"? Joel, in other words, has a shrine but needs an angel.

And what are we to make of a vacant lot in New Brunswick, N.J., the last stop on my pilgrimage? The 10-acre field, a grassy expanse across from Rutgers Stadium, has been donated virtually rent free by Rutgers University to the National Football Foundation, which has been raising money for a college football shrine since 1954, a mission that was carried out by a predecessor group for nearly a decade before that. Yet after a quarter century of such activity, and even though today the foundation has close to \$2 million in its building fund, there is still no hall of fame erected on that field.

Instead, the foundation consentedly goes about its other business, and a substantial business it is. Operating out of rented offices in Manhattan and New Brunswick, it has 114 local chapters that confer awards on high school athletes and makes it its avowed goal to bridge, once and for all, the generation gap. The foundation inducts Hall of Fame members, 315 of them so far (including Jim Thorpe, naturally), at its annual \$100-a-plate dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, an affair attended by captains of industry and Presidents.

With the passage of time, the sus-
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FAME

picture has taken hold at Rutgers that 78-year-old Chester LaRoche, the retired New York adman who has headed the foundation from the start, does not really want the Hall of Fame at Rutgers, where the first college football game was played in 1869, but rather at Yale, where Quarterback Chester LaRoche graduated in 1918. LaRoche, whose paeans to the American dream are faithfully reprinted at length in foundation literature, responded earlier this month by announcing that George Murphy, the ex-California Senator, had been hired as the foundation's new president and charged with getting the shrine built at last.

As for the delays up to now, LaRoche clings to his ambitions for nothing less than a \$4 million building, explaining, "We've waited this long. We should do it right if we're going to do it at all." Meanwhile, the empty field was all there was for me to visit. It was dusk when I arrived, and the gathering darkness made it necessary to strain to make out a large sign, weathered and peeling, that read: ON THIS SITE WILL BE ERRECTED THE FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME OF THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL FOUNDATION. It seemed more a monument to futility than to football, but the setting did have at least one advantage over many of the other halls of fame. There was no shortage of parking space.

Back in New York a letter arrived from Buck Dawson, who had found another use for the Swimming Hall of Fame: he was organizing the directors of all the halls of fame into a national association and had already scheduled a meeting for Fort Lauderdale. The first impulse was to warn the unsuspecting Dawson that any such venture ran the risk of being hopelessly dominated by bowling, a sport with a national hall of fame in Milwaukee plus at least 100 state and local shrines.

I decided against attending the meeting, although the temptation was great. After all, what if a representative had showed up from the National Sports-casters and Sportswriters Hall of Fame of Salisbury, N.C.? And what if by chance I had found myself in his company, perhaps on chairs Dawson had us all carry to the beach? Might not this fellow have discerned in me some faint promise of immortality? We will never know, of course, but what unworthy pilgrim would not blush at the very thought?

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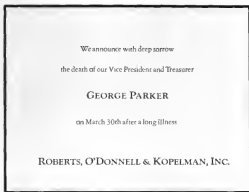
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We want to wipe out cancer in your lifetime.

Can you ever read these notices without a pang? There, you think, goes someone's husband and father. Someone's friend and associate. There, but for the grace of God, go I.

And besides the enormous human tragedy, there is the huge cost to business. Over 90% of cancer deaths occur after 40. That's when most people in business and the professions reach the peak of their careers.

At the American Cancer Society we're working feverishly to change all that. We're close to some very exciting developments. One is a routine blood test

which, if it's proven effective, will save thousands of people from cancer of the colon and rectum. And colon-rectum cancer is the second biggest cancer killer, right after lung cancer.

We're so close. It could be your firm's contribution that will put us over the top.

We're making progress in dozens of other cancer research areas, too, and they all cost money. Please be generous. We want to wipe out cancer in your lifetime.

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June 28 through July 9

Happy Days at the Beach

June 28 - July 2

A noon-hour extravaganza in front of the Wrigley Building, celebrating those Happy Days at the Beach. Your Father's Mustache Banjo Band will brighten your day with lively, carefree melodies and if that doesn't work, ogle the bikini-clad beauties who will be giv-

ing away chances to win the daily Grand Prize Happy Day wristwatch. And if you open or add to a National Boulevard Bank savings account with \$200 or more during this week, you will receive, at no cost to you, a colorful, distinctive 3' x 5' Happy Day beach towel.

Happy Days Around the Nation

July 6 - July 9

See America First! And during Happy Days Around the Nation browse through the Vacationland booths that will give you travel information and maps of many of the popular and scenic vacation areas in the U.S. Barbershop quartets will be on hand to serenade you at

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week.

AUTO RACING—JACKY ICKY of Belgium drove his Ferrari to victory in the Dutch Grand Prix on a day of continuous drizzle. Icky took the lead near the halfway mark and jockeyed off hot runner-offer, Peugeot of Mexico (ARMA). It was the second Grand Prix victory for the Belgian. Ickey and pulled back within four points of Frenchman Jackie Stewart of Scotland in the world drivers' championship.

Alabama's **BOBBY ALLISON**, constantly slamed as only trouble ahead in the Riverside International Raceway by two-way radio communications with him, drove a Dodge to victory in the Golden State 400. He averaged 93.622 mph.

BASKETBALL—Villanova offered to forfeit its 1976-77 basketball record (27-7), second-place finish in the NCAA championship and tournament records of 569,006 sales. Howard Porter, the Wildcats' star forward, can demonstrate that he did not sign a professional contract last December. Documents disclosed in U.S. District Court in New York indicated that, for moral reasons at \$15,000, Porter agreed to play in the ABA.

BOATING—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 1974-75 Harvard by seven points to win the North American College dinghy championship on Chesapeake Bay off Annapolis for the second consecutive year.

BOWLING—Vittorio ED BOURDAIS, champion in the New York event to victory in the \$17,300 9-man Open. He finished 218 pins ahead of Mike's Duva Davis.

GOLF—BARBARA L. HENDERSON had successfully defeated its collegiate World Series title with a 7-2 victory over Southern California. Henderson's "Jack" seventh championship and third in four years.

GOLF—LEE TRIVINO won the U.S. Open at Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa., by three strokes over Jack Nicklaus in an 18-hole playoff (over 17). Trivino and Nicklaus were tied at 360, even par, at the end of regulation play.

SHELLY HAMILIN of Stanford won the women's intercollegiate title with a near-perfect 20-0 at the University of Georgia course. Janet Moore of UCLA was second, and led the Bruins to the team title. Defending champion Arizona State finished second in 18 strokes.

HAINES RACING—SPEDDY CROWN (155 lbs.), an undefeated first timer this year, won the \$25,000 American National at Westfield's Park in Chicago. Howard Bernstein drove the winner in a head victory over Quark Prode in 2:02.

HAINES RACING—OUR CHIEF AMOUR (130 20L), the extreme outburst, took the \$11,625 Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park in New York by four lengths over favored Genji. Sam covered the 1 1/2 miles in 2:29, for a minor record. Doort, who had won the Arc and the Mother Goose, finished a disappointing seventh in a field of eight.

Another long shot, **SON ANGE** (\$20 20L), won the \$11,400 Grand Prix at Chicago's Arlington Park by two lengths over Mr. Row. Row Heavy favored Jim French was fourth. The winner, unseated as a favorite, has won six of eight starts as a 3-year-old.

POT O'JIL, the favorite, raced to victory in the 6-mile, \$130,000 Stakeschase of Paris at Aqueduct, Flushing, the 19th straight, was second.

LADDERBO—The South defeated the North 7-3 in the club all-star game at Baltimore. Joe Conas of Maine's Washington scored two goals and was voted most valuable player in a game in which the North failed to score eight times in extra-time sessions.

BOXING—CORNELIUS, which had lost five of six prior races, upset Washington, Navy and Pennsylvania in the IBA regatta on Grandis Lake, Syracuse, N.Y. (page 39). The Hudson finished second.

SWIMMING—A Russian team will compete in the Santa Clara Club International July 9-11, including Nikolai Pavlov, world record holder in the 100-meter breaststroke, and Galina Spasskaya, fastest in the world last year in the women's 100 and 200-meter breaststroke.

TABLE TENNIS—STELLAN BENGTSSON and **KELLY JOHNSON** of Sweden combined to represent the Japanese team of Nishikubo Hasegawa and Takayama Nishikubo in the doubles final of the Vanderbilt International Tournament in New York.

TENNIS—STAN SMITH of Pasadena had his impressive career under firm control as he beat John Newcombe, the defending Wimbledon champion, 6-4, 6-1 in the London Qantas Court championship at Queens' Club. In the women's final—a meeting between the pair who had battled through a 46-game match at Wimbledon last year—**MRS. MARGARET COURT** edged Mrs. Billie Jean King 6-3, 3-6, 6-3. **MRS. KING** paired with **KIMBLE CALS** to win the doubles title with a 6-2, 6-4 victory over Mrs. Mary Ann Carna and Valerie Ziegenfuss. The men's doubles were to **TOM OKNER** and **MARTY RIHSEN** over Smith and Eric Van Dillen 6-4, 6-4, 10-8.

UCLA freshman **JIMMY CONNORS** won the NCAA championship in 4-6, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4 match with Ronan Tassier of Stanford. Connors is the nation's No. 1 player and the first freshman to win the title. He will stay in Westwood. **JOE BOBROWITZ** and **HAROLD RAHIM**, about UCLA, took the doubles title from Bob McFarley and Duk Stokich of Trinity of Texas 7-6, 7-6.

ROD LAVER has been top-seeded at Wimbledon, with Ken Rosebourn last year's champion. No. 2 **MRS. MARGARET COURT** was given the No. 1 spot in the women's singles, above Mrs. Billie Jean King.

TRUCK A FABLE—NARTY LOUQUO of Villanova broke four women for the third time (the year of) in his third consecutive NCAA outdoor state title at Seattle, finishing his team record in 2:57.4 and running the first four-minute mile in the state of Washington (over 34). Bob Wheeler, a Duke freshman, finished second, recording his first sub-four-minute mile (3:59.9). **DAID SINK**, of Bowling Green was clocked in the second final time over by an American (3:59.1) in winning the 1,000-meter. Stephens, **JACQUES ACCAMBRAY**, French student in Kent State, set a cigarette record in the Summer with a time of 2:57.17. The U.S.A. male relay team beat Adelaide with the fastest time in the world this year, 3:54.4 and the BRU-175 defeated Southern Cal for the team title.

Black and white truck athletes connected with one another for the first time in southern Africa in a meet at Salisbury, Rhodesia.

A combined **HARVARD-YALE** team defeated Oxford-Cambridge at the Crystal Palace in England in the 23rd meeting of a series begun in the 1890s. The U.S. row team 12-3-1.

MUSPERS—QUIT **HARRELSON** of the Cleveland Indians, to try his luck on the professional golf tour.

SIGNED CLUTE BOYER, the Atlanta Braves' recently released third baseman, by the Kansas City Royals of the Pacific Coast League.

SIGNED A four-year contract (beginning contract, by the National Football League Players' Association and the club owners).

DIED GAB WOOD, 80, yesterday's spindling king, of elvish complexion and heart failure, in Miami. Wood drove for Gulf's 1950s, was eight years' worth experience and set many world speed records. He is credited with designing the PT boat used in World War II.

CREDITS

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CANONERO

Sirs:

Of all the tormented logic in your publication, a zenith was reached with your June 14 cover headline, Canonero Should Not Have Run. The week before the Belmont (SCORECARD, June 7) you described the poor horse as scarcely able to limp out of his stall. Then he leads the pack most of the race and comes in a very respectable fourth. By that line of reasoning, the nine horses he beat should not have been entered, either. Perhaps only the winning horse should have been permitted to run.

Your concern for the "general public's" loss of \$1 million in bets (*The Happy Story Ends*, June 14) brings tears to the eye—even if one can't stop laughing over the idea that the \$2 bettor would have refrained if he had been given the "explicit information" that Canonero was "short."

JACK V. FOX

Los Angeles

Sirs:

The next time you make bold statements on the cover, make sure you are right. Canonero had the same type of health excuses that he would have had if he finished up the track at Chumhill Downs and Pimlico.

Concerning Whitney Tower's charge that the public was uninformed as to Canonero's condition, one had only to read the local papers here in San Francisco to know he missed two days of training. *The Daily Reporter* made the circumstances explicit. Do you want the tracks to print this type of information in the programs?

Tom A. Dowse

San Francisco

- Canonero's most serious ailment, an infected right hock—disclosed after the Belmont—may prevent him from ever racing again.—E.D.

Sirs:

Trainer Juan Arias was correct when he said, "We felt we owed him the chance to consecrate himself in racing history." If Canonero had not run, Whitney Tower probably would have been the first to wonder if he could have won the coveted Triple Crown.

In defeat Muhammad Ali gained popularity because he proved himself to be only human. I feel that Canonero's loss after winning the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness (despite an odd training program) shows he is only a horse. However, I also feel we will all be a little better for the thrills he gave us, both in victory and in defeat.

KEVIN HENNINGHAN

Chicago

MAINLINE

Sirs:

Congratulations to SI for publishing Gwilym Brown's provocative piece (*Is a Mustache Just a Prank?*, June 14) and to javelin thrower Bill Skinner for having the guts to force the University of Tennessee Athletic Establishment against the fence. The article forces us to take a look at the thinking of those who are the architects of our high school and college athletic policies.

Athletic Director Bob Woodruff defends rule No. 5 on appearance because it helps a team work together. As a junior varsity basketball coach, I doubt that today's sophisticated athletes feel that a goatee destroys team morale. Woodruff also cites the athlete's responsibility to the fans, pointing out that fans equate long hair with drug use. Professional athletes have proved that not only does a goatee fail to diminish athletic prowess, but most fans are too mature to care about a participant's appearance.

We must feel genuine sympathy for the Bill Battles. They obviously feel success on the gridiron or the hardwood is the most important criterion in determining that one is an "established authority." Today's Skinners are not rebelling against what Battle calls the inconsistency of our authority but are asking for a valid reason for not wearing a mustache or for running through a wall for old P.U.

JOSIAH R. BARRY

Baltimore

Sirs:

Does Bob Woodruff really think a mustache means drugs? Should Groucho Marx be banned from TV along with Derek Sanderson? If sport is going to attract fans and athletes from a generation that leans toward mustaches, beards and long hair, if it is to offer an alternative to "dropping out and turning on," wouldn't it do a better job by letting some of its heroes adopt fashions that will appeal to that generation?

In reply to Tennessee Football Coach Bill Battle who says kids are rebelling against "inconsistency by established authority," I would say, rather, they are rebelling against the foolish consistency which, as Emerson said, "is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines." Had Emerson lived longer, he might have added, "and little professors and athletic directors and coaches."

RALPH HECKER

New Bedford, Mass.

Sirs:

In my opinion, Bill Skinner has no real problem. He had the choice of shaving off his mustache and competing for the uni-

versity that is providing his education, or of keeping the handlebar and becoming independent. Skinner made his decision and should realize that his present status is the result of that decision and not the decision of the athletic department at Tennessee. Because he could not live within standards that hundreds of other athletes have been able to accept, I doubt that Skinner is as mature as Mr. Brown suggests.

Having been a captain of one of the minor sports at Tennessee, I realize how much athletes who participate in minor sport programs live in the shadow of the football and basketball players. Unfortunately, the minor sports are dependent upon football and basketball. Most athletes realize this and attempt to work within the system to improve their respective programs. However, there are a few, such as Skinner, who attempt to destroy the whole for their own selfish gains.

LARRY T. FIDLER

Warner Robins, Ga.

Sirs:

I find it almost impossible to believe that there are "educated" people who feel mustaches are an image of drug taking. If this is the case, some of this country's most respected citizens should be informed.

WILLIAM L. EDISON

FPO San Francisco

MIND REY

Sirs:

The article *An Old Hand With a Prospect* (June 14) is the best I have ever read about the minor leagues. I never did know much about the minors or the men who play there. Now that I know how hard it can be to get there, I'll appreciate the major leagues even more.

MIKE BRANER

Lockport, Ill.

Sirs:

Thanks for the fine tale by Pat Jordan and also for keeping me posted on Red Davis' whereabouts. Davis was probably the best manager I ever saw in 50 years of watching minor league ball. He did a gutsy thing in Corpus Christi, Texas one night over 20 years ago in the ninth inning of a tie ball game he put himself in to pinch-hit and promptly hit a home run. He richly deserves a shot at managing in the big leagues.

ROBERT A. WHITE

Houston

Sirs:

Your article on Woody Hayke, Bruce Kason and the Waterbury Pirates was a masterpiece, and I am extremely happy our

continued



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10TH HOLE *revisited*

Woody has gotten the attention from a national magazine that he deserves. When Woody was first sent here "Woody who?" was a familiar phrase around Municipal Stadium. But with his likable disposition and personality, Woody soon became one of the favorites, if not the favorite Prize. With seven homers in his first 47 at bats he became an instant hero.

This season Woody is still with us, and I hope he will be here for many more. Woody is too good to share with the rest of the country.

DON SEYAS

Waterbury, Conn.

RESPONSIVE CHOROS

Sirs:

Robert Cantwell's enjoyable article on Mets organist June Jarvis (*In the Mood—* for Baseball, June 7) included a bonus for me—a mention of Ebbe's Field's own Gladys Goodding, which triggered a stream of fond memories of a Brooklyn boyhood sprinkled with many live Goodding performances. There was probably no stronger starter in the game than Gladys in her prime. She could give *The Star-Spangled Banner* her all, knowing she didn't have to last the full nine innings because Ebbe had a great musical bullpen, the Brooklyn Symphony.

One game in particular stands out in my memory. It was April of 1946, and Gladys got things going in her usual fine style as a small but enthusiastic faithful settled down to watch Dodger Pitcher Ed Head face the Boston Braves. Ed Head! The classic American sports story: the young southpaw with tons of promise hurts his arm as a high school bus accident and is told he's through as a pitcher. Undaunted, Head learns to pitch all over again right-handed and fights his way to the big leagues. His second big chance comes on that April day in 1946, and he responds with a no-hitter against the Braves. What a thrill it was to be there!

What ever happened to Gladys Goodding and Ed Head?

JACK CANTWELL

Natick, Mass.

● Gladys Goodding, whose sporting music career spanned some 26 years at Ebbe's Field and Madison Square Garden, died in 1963 at the age of 70. Ed Head, who had injured his right shoulder during a hunch in the Army the year before, pitched in only 13 games in 1946, winning three and losing two, then went on to become a minor league manager. He is now living in Rustop, La.—ED.

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